★ May 3, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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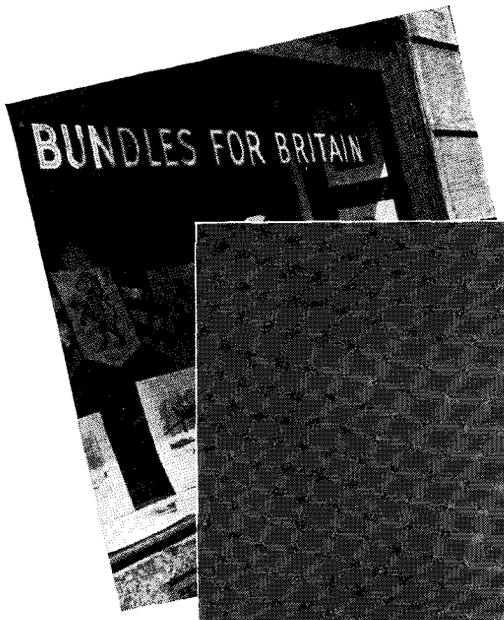

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE—William Saroyan's fourth love letter to the human race is as passionate as his first and no more coherent. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey play the mad Websters, who love mice. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sat. at 8:50, and Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—This relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's expert direction and José Ferrer's fine performance. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. Among the others in the cast of Emlyn Williams' play are Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 1, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA—Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey in an excellent revival of Shaw's play about the medical profession, which isn't nearly as dated as you'd expect. The remarkable cast also includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MR. AND MRS. NORTH—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

NATIVE SON—A considerably toned-down and simplified version of Richard Wright's novel, but still very moving and provocative. Orson Welles' direction is superb, and Canada Lee heads a fine cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a trifle thin in spots. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire do their share. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—An agreeable comedy about some boys and girls who are trying to get on the stage. With Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's story about a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. Winner of the Drama Critics' award. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 10. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

WITH MUSIC

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. Otherwise, things are just about the same. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—This ice revue has been revised and now has some new numbers, but no longer Joe Cook. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this excellent musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MEET THE PEOPLE—A modest and pleasant revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this winter but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

PAL JOEY—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PANAMA HATTIE—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A superior musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—A play by Carl Zuckmayer and Fritz Kortner, translated from the German by Ruth Langner, with a cast which includes Dudley Digges, Karen Morley, and Walter Slezak. Produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Wed., May 7. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild presenting "The Pirates of Penzance": Thurs. Eve., May 1, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves., May 6 and 8, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

PAUL BUNYAN—An operetta, with a libretto by W. H. Auden and music by Benjamin Britten: Mon. through Sat. Eves., May 5-10, at 8:40, and Sat. Aft., May 10, at 2:40. (Brander Matthews Hall, Columbia University. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

CAFÉ PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up a year ago. Bob Knight's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Ernie Holst's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—It won't surprise you to find John Buckmaster here, but the three strip-teasers may give you a bit of a start. Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Harold Spierer's orchestra, playing for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room, will be replaced by William Scotti's on Fri., May 2.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show with the De Marcos and, at the dinner hour, Paul Haakon. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the music. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Mili Monti, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . In the informal Rainbow Grill, Barry Winton's orchestra will be replaced by Russ Smith's on Wed., May 7.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and an ice show, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin, will be in the Iridium Room until it closes on Sat., May 3. The Viennese Roof will reopen on Thurs., May 8, with Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra will replace Bob Grant's on Fri., May 2.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Joe E. Lewis is on hand, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Those young Spanish dancers, Rosario and Antonio, head the show in the Sert Room. Xavier Cugat's orchestra provides the music.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): robust songs by Spivy and quieter numbers by Betty Bryant—all on top of an office building. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night, except Mon., and is well worth hearing. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft

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George Platt Lynes

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from our collection of originals

Henri Bendel
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NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **MONTPARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): lots of Old Russian atmosphere, an orchestra, and a show. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Will Hollander's orchestra, at the dinner hour only. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with entertainment by the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Carmen Amaya. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big establishment has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., play in this Village landmark every night, except Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but Stuff Smith's band turns up nightly, except Tues. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra playing for customers who just sit around the bar. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio are the mainstays here. Fill-in band Tues.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

BELLOWS—Lithographs and drawings, showing that the old master was pretty good after all, especially in his less pretentious moments: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

BENTON—New paintings, in his first showing in two years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

BERRESFORD AND CARMAN—Cleanly painted oils by Miss Berresford; Carman specializes in studies of the dance: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

BRITISH—The Edward T. Stotesbury collection of portraits by Raeburn, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Romney: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

DALI—New paintings, perhaps a little tamer in style than we're used to but done with all his accustomed technical virtuosity: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 17.

DOVE—New paintings, deeper in color but as whirly and fanciful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 17.

FRENCH—Small paintings by modern members of the Paris school, plus a set of superlative ink and pencil drawings by Henri Matisse: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 10. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

GALLATIN—Quietly tasteful, unpretentious abstractions: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: the annual midseason retrospective, featuring good pieces by Nassos Daphnis, Lebduska, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 17. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: circus scenes by Guy Pène du Bois, Henry Schnakenberg, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 9.

HANSON—Semi-abstract paintings, done with sound feeling for logical simplification: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

INDEPENDENTS—This year marks their twenty-fifth anniversary, and, with age, respectability seems to be creeping in. Still worth seeing, though: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 7.

MARSH—Big, swirling water colors and some smaller, more perceptive oils, all concerned with New York and its people: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

MEXICAN—Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros, as well as a number of younger, less well-known modern painters: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

OZENFANT—Two shows—**BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: a small but fairly comprehensive retrospective of works from 1918 to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: "Biological Life," his big, slightly cluttered muralesque painting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

PACH—Paintings, quite respectable in themselves, by a man even better known for his art criticism: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

PEIRCE—Family life in Maine, this artist's usual subject, here seems pleasanter than ever: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

ROUAULT—Thirty-eight paintings, most of them from the recent loan show at the Boston Institute of Modern Art. An important exhibit: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

SCULPTURE—At the **ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE**, 115 E. 40: international exhibition, featuring works by Maillol, Bourdelle, Manship, Zorach, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 9. . . . **VILLAGE SQUARE**, 6 Ave. at 8: the third outdoor exhibition of the always lively Sculptors Guild. Daily 11 A.M. to dusk; through May 31.

SELIGMANN—Surrealist paintings and drawings, done in a curiously macabre, savagely effective style that is this artist's own: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Comprehensive and generally enjoyable memorial show of oils, drawings, and other works by Jerome Myers, that specialist in painting New York's East Side. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

HERE AND THERE—At the **FINDLAY**, 69 E. 57: paintings by Alexander Z. Kruse. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: fifteenth- and sixteenth-century engravings, etchings, and woodcuts. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54: paintings by Moholy-Nagy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: Maine paintings by Harriet Ogden. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Moses Soyer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 12. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Max Beckmann. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 17. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: paintings by Earl Kerkam and John D. Graham. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through May 12.

HERMAN SHUMLIN,

who has recently been honored by the New York Drama Critics Circle, in Algonquin assembled, as the producer of the best American and the best foreign play of the season; namely, "Watch on the Rhine" and "The Corn Is Green." Sketched worrying about the Pulitzer announcements.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7400; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., May 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., May 3, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., May 4, at 3, final concert of the season. (Soloist: Horowitz, May 1, 2, and 4.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—McArthur conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., May 4, at 8:45, final concert of the season. (Soloist: Jan Peerce.)

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS—The Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera in oratorio form, Thomson conducting: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., May 7, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Assisted by the New Friends of Music Orchestra, Boepple conducting, in the first performance of "Nicolas de Flue," a narrative poem by de Rougemont, set to music by Honegger: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 8, at 8:45.

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Mahler conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 9, at 8:30. (Soloist: Piastro.)

OPERA

SALMAGGI COMPANY—Tentative schedule: "Rigoletto." Sat. Eve., May 3; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., May 10; at 8:30. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., May 1, at 3:15; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. Aft., May 2, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 3, at 3; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., May 4, at 3, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 5-6, at 3:15; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 7-8, at 3:15; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 9, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 10, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. Aft., May 1, at 3; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 2, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 3, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Aft., May 4, at 2:30, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 5-6, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 7-8, at 3.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Billy Soose, for the middleweight title, 15 rounds. Fri., May 9; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

CREW—On **SAT. AFT., MAY 3**—Blackwell Cup, Pennsylvania-Columbia-Yale, Philadelphia: freshmen at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30. . . . Compton Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Princeton, Cambridge: freshmen at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 5:45. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis: freshmen at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. **SAT. AFT., MAY 10**—Childs Cup, Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Princeton: freshmen at 5:30; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30. . . . Goldthwait Cup, Harvard-Princeton-Yale, 150-lb. crews, Cambridge: freshmen at 4:30; junior varsity at 4:45; varsity at 5. . . . Rutgers-Dartmouth-Boston University, New Brunswick: varsity at 1:30.

FENCING—National Team Championships, foil, épée, and sabre: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Sun. Aft., May 4, at 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Junior Horse Show of Northern New Jersey, East Orange, Fri., May 2, at 2 and 7:15 P.M., and Sat., May 3, at 1 and 8 P.M. . . . Hutchinson Show, New Rochelle, Sun., May 4, at 9 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Sat. Aft., May 3, at 4. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 3, at 3:15. . . . Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., Wed. and Sat. Afts., May 7 and 10, at 3.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:15 P.M.;

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Here in the tonsorial parlors of I. Latherby Doob (the extra over-the-shoulder circulation shown at the right), a gentleman customer is proving visibly something the survey people have been proving for years with their charts—that people pay extra-close attention to advertising in The Saturday Evening Post. (Which is absolutely no news to the 237 advertisers who have advertised in the Post 10 to 42 years—and are still with it.)

People pay attention

when you put it in the Post

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sat., May 10. The Grey Lag Handicap, May 10. The daily double is getting a tryout daily, through Sat., May 3. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:05 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.) . . . The Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 3. (Special trains: from Penn. Station, Thurs. Aft., May 1, at 4:45, arriving at Louisville the next morning at 10:30, C.S.T.; also Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 1-2, at 4:55, arriving at Louisville the next morning at 10:45, C.S.T.; from Louisville, Sat. Eve. at 8:45, C.S.T., arriving New York, Sun. Eve. at 6:55. Planes leave LaGuardia Field daily at 12:55, 3:45, and 6:15 P.M., arriving at Louisville at 5:45, 7:45, and 10:08 P.M., C.S.T.) . . . The Preakness, Pimlico, Sat. Aft., May 10.

Tennis—Exhibition matches, with Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Donald Budge, and William Tilden: County Center, White Plains, Fri. Eve., May 2, at 8:30. (For tickets, call MU 9-5288.)

OTHER EVENTS

The Circus—Brace yourself, and thank Norman Bel Geddes, for a lot that's new about the old Ringling show: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through Sun., May 4.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" and "Stars of the Southern Sky" are the topics of the May lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Garden Exhibitions—The gardens of Mrs. Roger Cortesi, 162 E. 95; Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, 480 Park, at 58; Mrs. Bertram Wolff, 138 E. 62; and Mrs. Benjamin Paskus, 730 Park, at 70 (also, Moss Hart's Victorian house, 464 E. 57): Tues., May 6, from 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. (For tickets, call Mrs. Cullman, WI 2-0882.) . . . The gardens of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, 5 Ave. at 90; Mrs. Roger Cortesi, 162 E. 95; Mrs. Baldwin Maull, 170 E. 93; and Maurice Wertheim, 33 E. 70: Wed., May 7, from 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. (For tickets, call Mrs. W. P. Hardenbergh, RH 4-3857.)

Costume Exhibition—American wedding dresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Benefits—Musicians Emergency Fund Dinner Dance: St. Regis, Tues. Eve., May 6, at 8:30. . . . Silver Spoon Dinner Dance, for the Spence Adoption Nursery: St. Regis, Wed. Eve., May 7, at 8:30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—C. Walter Buhler's collection of first editions of William Butler Yeats: Thurs. Aft., May 1, at 2. . . . Mrs. Henry Walters' collection of art and furniture, including paintings by Rubens, Rousseau, Corot, Fragonard, and Romney; sculpture by Marin, Houdon, and Clodion; Brussels, Beauvais, Aubusson, and Gobelin tapestries; and Sèvres and Minton porcelains: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., May 1-3, at 2, and Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:15. . . . The Edward S. Knapp collection of United States and foreign stamps: Mon. through Fri., May 5-9, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

Note—The African Plains of the Bronx Zoo, a *trompe-l'œil* means of exhibiting animals in such a way that you feel you're strolling right in among lions, springbok, and other beasts, is now open to the public.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Ben Hecht's neat, spry film of low-life high jinks, with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., May 7-9.)

Back Street—Love, with a sob and a groan. From Fannie Hurst's novel, with Margaret Sullavan, at her best, and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 1. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 3-5.)

Blackout—British drama of spies and romance in London these days. Exciting, entertaining, and not realistic. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 6-7.)

Citizen Kane—A startling and truly remarkable and original film about an old-school millionaire and his magnificence. Produced and directed by Orson Welles, who also plays the title rôle. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney takes another hurdle, with the aid of Bach and Beethoven and Stokowski. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Flame of New Orleans—Dainty comedy with a sly French side to it, directed by René Clair and presenting Marlene Dietrich as a tricky sketch with a sense of humor. Roland Young and Bruce Cabot are in it, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Go West—The Marx Brothers and the wide plains

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 10. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

of pioneer days and the complex difficulties of frontier life. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., May 6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., May 3-5. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 4-6.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's strange dissertation on the ways of dictators. A film that is quite wonderful and certainly unique. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 3. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., May 2-6. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 3-5. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., May 7.)

Kitty Foyle—The beautiful working girl (eloquently interpreted by Ginger Rogers) and her peculiar problems, especially as regards the men, both rich and poor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., May 7-8.)

The Lady Eve—Sparkling farcical effects about a millionaire boob and a heartless siren, written and directed by Preston Sturges. With Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., May 5. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., May 6-10.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith—Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery kept very busy in a comedy about marriage which, however, has only some funny moments. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, but emphatically not characteristic of him. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 3-6.)

Night Train—An utterly satisfactory thriller that can do you lots of good. Made by the British, it's about Europe at the outbreak of the war, with spies galore and tremendous adventure. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., May 7. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Wed., May 2-7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., May 6-9.)

Pépé le Moko—"Algiers" stemmed from this French film, which is perhaps closer to Kasbah life than our Hollywood version. The reels are a little faded and worn around the edges. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Sea Wolf—Jack London's ancient thriller revived with a lot of real vigor and color, and this time including such actors as Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., May 7-8.)

Strawberry Blonde—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a rambling adaptation of that old play "One Sunday Afternoon," and all set to the nice tunes of the nineties. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 1. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., May 2-3.)

Tobacco Road—Very mild for those who saw the play or read the book and expect a lot. Even quite decent. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 6-7.)

Victory—A sound, good screen version of the Conrad novel of the Dutch East Indies and the strange life lived there by strange travellers. With Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 4-6.)

Ziegfeld Girl—Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart in an extravaganza of the days of the great Flo. It has its interest. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian and French. With Raimu. (Oympia, B'way at 107; through Mon., May 5. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., May 7.)

Chaplin Comedies (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 3-6.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love.

French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., May 1.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 1.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The Shaw play. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 1.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Charles Laughton. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., May 7-8.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 2.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne as the author of a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 4-5.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 6-7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: **On thurs., may 1:** "Hands Up," Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon; and "Two Tars," Laurel and Hardy. **fri., may 2:** "High and Dizzy," Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **sat., may 3:** "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **sun., may 4:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **mon., may 5:** four 1914 Chaplin films. **tues., may 6:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **wed., may 7:** "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

Art—Recent British works, mainly concerned with the war: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53; opening May 23.

College Commencements—Columbia, June 2; N.Y.U., June 11; Dartmouth, June 15; Cornell, June 16; Princeton, June 17; Yale, June 18; Harvard, June 19; Vassar, June 9; Smith, June 16.

Crew—On **may 17:** Carnegie Cup, Cornell-Princeton-Yale, Ithaca; Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Pennsylvania, Annapolis. . . . **may 24:** Harvard-Cornell-Syracuse, Cambridge. . . . **june 14:** Yale-Harvard, New London. . . . **june 25:** Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie.

Dog Shows—Ladies' Kennel Association, Garden City, May 24. . . . Long Island Kennel Club, Cedarhurst, May 25. . . . Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Madison, N.J., May 31. . . . Long Shore Kennel Club, Westport, June 15. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N.J., June 28.

Golf—Goodall Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, May 22-25. . . . National Open, Ft. Worth, Texas, June 5-7. . . . Metropolitan Amateur, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J. June 11-14.

Horse Shows—Washington Show, Chevy Chase, Md., May 16-18. . . . Wilmington, Del., May 22-24. . . . Rockwood Hall, Tarrytown, May 25. . . . Devon, Pa., May 26-31. . . . Tuxedo, Tuxedo Park, June 6-7. . . . Bronxville Riding Club, Tuckahoe, June 15. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, June 20-21. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, June 26-28.

Hunt Races—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., May 14 and 17. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, June 14.

Music—At **carnegie hall:** All-Youth Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, May 10. Recitals: Lily Pons, May 20; Alexander Kipnis, May 22. . . . **lewisohn stadium:** Philharmonic-Symphony, June 10 through Aug. 13. . . . **central park:** Goldman Band concerts start June 18.

Racing—Belmont Park, May 12-June 7. . . . Aqueduct, June 9-July 2.

Tennis—Intercollegiate Championships, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa., June 23-28. . . . Round Robin Professional Championship, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, June 6-8.

Theatre—Among the few productions scheduled to open within the next month or two are "Women Aren't Angels," a farce by Vernon Sylvaine, with Bobby Clark and Melville Cooper; "R.A.F.," a play by William Jay, with, perhaps, John Bead and Phillips Holmes, staged and produced by Alfred deLiagre, Jr.; and "The Happy Days," Zoë Akins' adaptation of Claude André Puget's story "Les Jours Heureux."

Yacht Races—Championships on the Sound start May 24. . . . Cruising Club of America, from Stamford to Gardiners Bay and Port Jefferson, May 29-June 1. . . . Eastern Y.C., New London to Marblehead, June 15. . . . Storm Trysail Club, New London to Hampton Roads, June 21.

Other Dates—Bundles for Britain Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, May 19. . . . Glider Meet, Elmira, N.Y., starting June 28. . . . State and federal income-tax payments are due June 15. . . . Memorial Day falls on a Friday.

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THE NEW YORKER

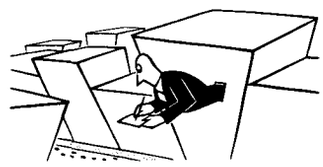
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE confusing thing about the newspaper stories on the Lindbergh mass meeting was that the names of all the organizations they mentioned, whether isolationist or interventionist, had an equally noble sound, the same ringing promise of salvation—the Christian Mobilizers, the America First Committee, the Friends of Democracy, the apostles of Social Justice, the American Goodwill Union, the Fight for Freedom Committee, the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Christianity, Democracy, Freedom, Justice—the bad things had just about the same labels as the good ones, and it wasn't easy to keep them all straight. It took us a minute, for instance, to remember just what the Christian Mobilizers were mobilized against and just how much Social Justice had to do with either society or justice. It was apparently a fairly confusing evening for the people who actually got in and listened to Colonel Lindbergh, too. England is already lost, he told them, and then from somewhere else in the building they heard Englishmen singing "Tipperary." The whole evening, in fact, was full of ingenious paradoxes, though none was more ingenious than the Lone Eagle himself, very far from being alone these days in the company of such peculiar brother eagles as Joe McWilliams and Father Coughlin.

THIS WEEK'S GIFT SUGGESTION: If your girl strikes you as being a little too popular, you might give her one of those pretty new bracelets in white metal, copied from the Aztec and covered with symbols of fertility. David's, 425 Fifth Avenue, $7.50.

OUR office on the nineteenth floor is just high enough. A writer at work any further up is in danger of the Lilliput fallacy. From where he sits the town is less than model size, and humanity is reduced to a group movement of insects, the pattern of its behavior always predictable and seldom important. Commentators grow arrogant at high altitudes, speaking in large generalities and with icy detachment. *Time*,



for instance, is on the twenty-ninth floor. A writer at street level, on the other hand, is too far down, too close to his material. Faces pass his window all day long, each one the mysterious and challenging record of a life, but they are too big; they cut off his view. The social historian here sees both too much and too little; there are a million fascinating characters, but no coherent plot. Take, if you like, Mr. William Saroyan, who has spent so much time among the beautiful people that he sees himself in every one and his voice is almost choked with love. Suspended as we are, halfway between these two extremes, we have a feeling that we see our world almost exactly right, in sure focus. The crowd in the street is made up neither of ants nor archangels. Two blocks over to the east, as we write, a man is hanging out some laundry to dry on the roof of Brooks Brothers—big business, so to speak, with its pants down; on the other side, we can look across the street into a nest of dentists at work—proof, if we need it, that all men are mortal and carious; a few stories down, three members of the Harvard Club are lying around in their underdrawers, taking the sun, and we notice democratically that they have fat stomachs; overhead, a plane writes "I. J. Fox" across the midtown sky. We are right in the middle of things—not too far away for detail, not too close for comfort. It is practically the ideal editorial attitude.

LAST week, in the midst of bedlam, a certain Professor O. R. Sellers published a correction of the King James Version of the Bible. According to Dr. Sellers, a student of the Old Testament, the notion of Moses as a meek man has been the result of a mistranslation running, "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." The proper English word isn't "meek" at all, he finds, but rather "vexed" or "put-out." We are no student of Hebrew, and until another authority comes along, we are going to assume that wherever "meek" appears in the King James Version it's the same old mistake. What we're driving at must be apparent by now: It isn't the meek who are going to inherit the earth; the vexed are the boys who'll take things over in the end. The synonymous expression, with its other and probably more literal meaning, we like even better. "The put-out shall inherit the earth." That's an inspiring correction.

FROM Paris, by way of Berlin, has come the news that such figures as former Premiers Edouard Daladier, Edouard Herriot, and Léon Blum in the waxworks of the Musée Grévin are being melted down for remodelling in-

to the waxen likenesses of the men of Vichy. This particular touch of conquest seems to us as fine a sample of Teutonic shortsightedness as we've met up to now. A waxworks-goer in our childhood, we feel sure that the victors have assured the men of Vichy a place in the

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"Let's just ignore him—unless he tips his hat."

• •

nightmares of French children for all the years to come. We saw the great parliamentarians and poisoners at Madame Tussaud's in London, and all the rippers and frontier fighters at the Eden Musée, and heroes and rascals were all equally ghastly to us, night after haunted night. To this day we find ourself remembering Taft and Gladstone as a couple of popeyed butchers in a madman's cell.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Harvard Club of Boston has in the washroom, for the use of members, a comb which is kept sanitarily soaking in a glass of alcohol. The glass has a little sign pasted on it: "Denatured Alcohol —Please Do Not Drink."

The instructions for recording physical examinations of patients at Bellevue Hospital include this sentence: "General Appearance. This should be a vivid, photographic, comprehensive, and succinct description of the patient in one sentence, and should include color, sex, age, acutely or chronically ill or not ill, nutrition, developments, orthopnea, dyspnea, cyanosis, mental and psychic state, and any other striking feature observable."

At the corner of Church and Chapel Streets, in New Haven, stands the Church at Chapel Liquor Store.

Routine

OUR favorite headwaiter at the moment is one in a midtown restaurant who made a big to-do the other evening about extricating a customer from behind one of those tight-fitting tables you find in midtown restaurants. "Oh, don't bother," said the customer. "I can manage all right." "It's no bother at all, sir," said the headwaiter. "They pay me thirty-five hundred a year to do this."

Mrs. Crosby's Boarder

WE stopped in at the Julien Levy Gallery around noon of the day Salvador Dali's show opened there and found the painter in a back room looking over some photographs he plans to use in his autobiography, scheduled for fall publication. Dali is about halfway through this work, which is in part concerned with his prenatal recollections. He is writing it in French, and it is being translated into English by a man named Haakon M. Chevalier. Dali has been painting and writing since last August in Bowling Green, Virginia, where he and his wife, Gala, have been paying guests on the estate of Caresse Crosby, a lady with a weakness for surrealism. He obligingly took us on a tour of his latest paintings, explaining that six of them had been done in Virginia and the sixteen others in Arcachon, France. According to Dali, his present exhibition marks his return to classic influences and shows the effect of Ribera and Leonardo, among others. "More design, balance, and precise technique," he said to us in French, pointing to a canvas entitled "Family of Marsupial Centaurs," which seemed to us to be just what it was labelled. "Dali is trying to create a modern mythology," said Julien Levy, who had accompanied us around.

Dali, who was wearing an unpressed yellow-brown linen suit and had a week's beard, told us that his prices ranged from $750 to $5,000, and we went out to lunch, promising to return in the afternoon for the social life. This we found agreeably varied, among those present being Mrs. Eleanor de L. Labrot, Mrs. Tokio Payne, Carl Van Vechten, Frank Altschul, Mrs. Norman Bel Geddes, Vernon Duke, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Baron Nicky de Gunzburg, and Benjamin Sonnenberg, the publicity man. "I'm here for a client," said Mr. Sonnenberg, briefly. We also spied Mme. Alma Clayburgh, sitting on a small chair in the middle of the room, and besought her for a statement. "Dali's the only man I'd like to do my portrait from tip to toe," she said. Dali, who was standing nearby, scrutinized Mme. Clayburgh from tip to toe and beamed. He had shaved his beard and changed into a neatly pressed dark-blue suit, and this gave us a comfortable feeling that even surrealist painters have a touch of the conventional.

We discovered Dali's Virginia hostess, Mrs. Crosby, standing under a picture called "Piano Descending by Parachute," in which a piano was gracefully sailing off a cliff, and she told us that Dali had been an extremely hard-work-

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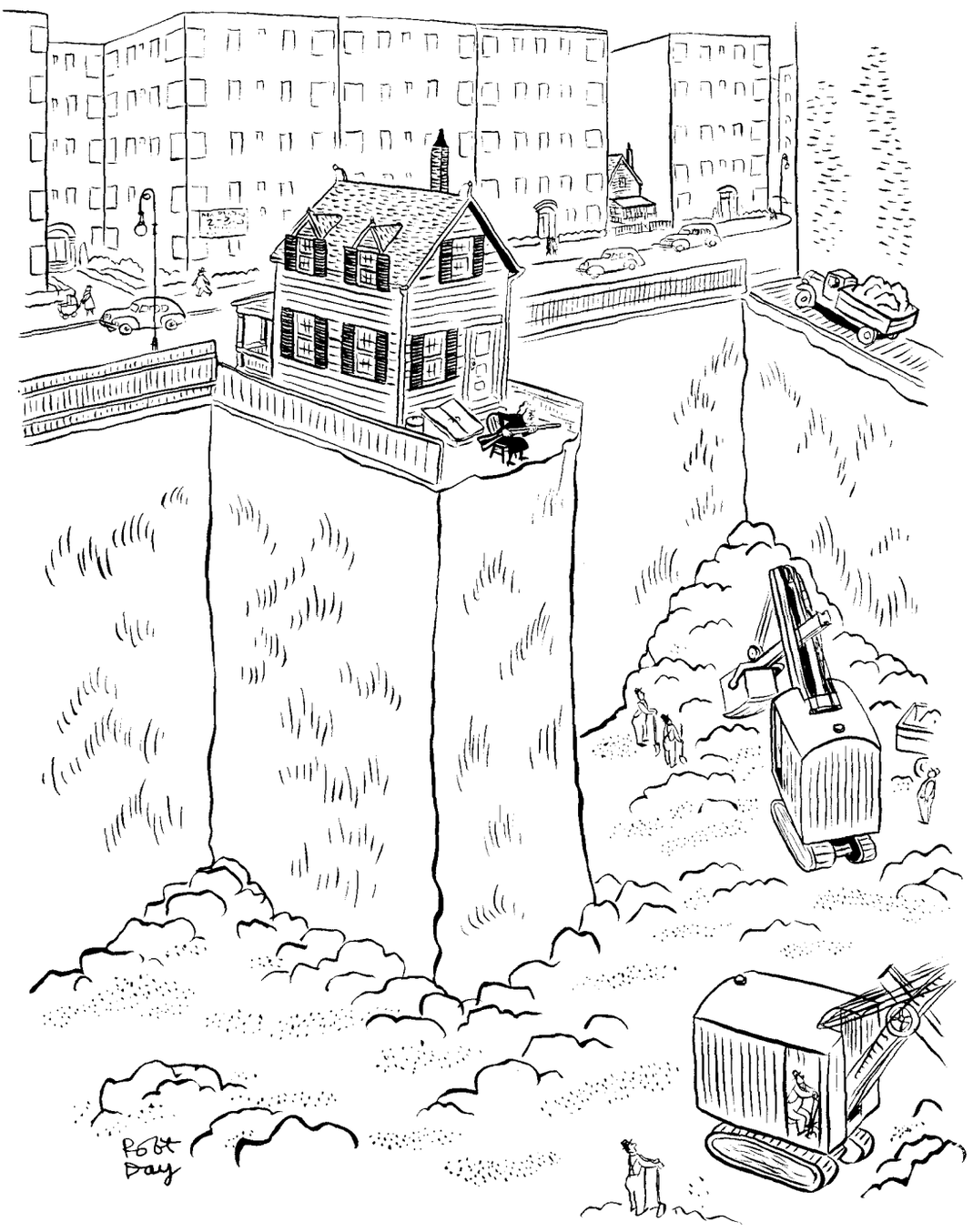
ing boarder. Generally he started painting at eight, took an hour or so off for lunch and a game of chess, worked till dinner, and then either painted or wrote till midnight. While working, he used a powerful electric light, even during the day, and kept the radio going most of the time. His knowledge of English is imperfect; he puzzled Mrs. Crosby with inquiries about a radio personality named Wollowa Beckstein until she finally realized what he had in mind was Bulova Watch Time. He occasionally sang Spanish songs while he painted, and he rarely left the house, except to have coffee on the steps in sunny weather. This was partly because grasshoppers frighten him. Mrs. Crosby told us that Dali's taste in food is influenced largely by the way things look and he hates any food which has been altered, such as chopped-up meat. He especially likes shellfish, served in the original armor. Although he seldom put himself out for other guests or visitors and once, either intentionally or not, pushed a large screen so that it fell on the wife of the president of the Graphic Arts Club of Richmond, knocking the wind out of her, he can be obliging in the interests of art. When a *Life* photographer came to the place, Dali won his heart by bringing a cow into the library and by arranging for a piano to be hung from a tree in order to provide suitable photographs. "It isn't really difficult to put a cow in a library," said Mrs. Crosby, an easygoing type, "and it's certainly simpler to hang a piano from a tree than to find a fourth for bridge."

Hopeless

CERTAIN enterprises which ought to be perfectly simple are nevertheless hopeless, and no experienced person would attempt them. In such a category we would definitely place ordering one's bookseller to send a copy of C. S. Forester's trilogy, "Captain Horatio Hornblower," to an ensign in the United States Navy. Well, we've heard of a man in Jacksonville, Florida, who did just that, with the results you'd expect. He wrote to the intended recipient of the gift, his brother, an ensign on the U.S.S. Thornton, which gets its mail at a Pacific Coast port, that "Captain Hornblower" was on the way. What arrived was a large package of books *not* by C. S. Forester, addressed to Captain Horatio Hornblower; the ensign just happened to wander by while the ship's mail clerk was puzzling over it, and took charge of the parcel. It was from the New York office of Dodd, Mead & Co., who are not the publishers of "Captain Hornblower." Upon being advised of the delivery of the package, they sent the ensign twenty cents in stamps, to cover the cost of mailing back the books. So far the ensign hasn't received his trilogy, and for all we know Captain Hornblower has been entered upon the roster of the United States Navy, and will be called for active service if the Japs start acting up.

The Science

A LITTLE-KNOWN, though flourishing, branch of counterfeiting is the alteration and repairing of old postage stamps. Seems there's a secret ring of dreamy, old-fashioned fiends who blend inks, alter perforations and cancellations, put single stamps together so cunningly that they appear to be in the original blocks, smooth out rough spots, and even weave new fibres into old paper, so that an inexperienced collector who pays a large sum for a stamp ap-



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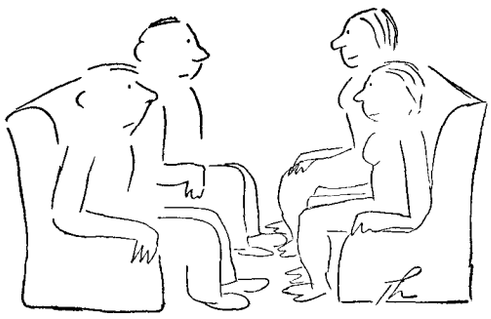
parently in perfect condition may get a patched-up stamp that isn't worth two cents. These unscrupulous men all hate and fear the name of Y. Souren (*né* Souren Yohannessiantz), the operator of the Philatelic Research Laboratories, at 394 Park Avenue. For a fixed fee of five dollars, Mr. Souren's laboratory technicians will bring to bear upon a dubious stamp all the resources of modern scientific investigation, and submit to the owner a report stating whether or not the stamp is what it was represented to be, and, if not, just how it has been doctored up. Mr. Souren, a dealer who in 1938 made philatelic history by successfully bidding $12,500, via transatlantic telephone, for a block of four rare stamps, has unbounded pride in his laboratory. "It brings the science to stamps," he says ecstatically. "Nothing can be hidden from the science."

Mr. Souren has been a stamp dealer for twenty-three years, and he has never been satisfied with the traditional expert analysis, which consists merely of peering at a stamp through a magnifying glass. Gradually, through the years, he learned a number of ways to detect forgeries, and three years ago he organized his laboratory, equipping it with the latest microscopic devices. The work is handled by six young men, all of whom have done extensive research in papers and inks, and none of whom has ever collected stamps. The stamps under examination are photographed in color, with a micro-camera that uses polarized light. Then the photograph, enlarged six hundred times, is thrown on a screen. Usually this is enough to reveal doctoring. If there's still any doubt, the trained operators throw on the screen the enlarged image of a "control" stamp—a specimen of whose authenticity there is no doubt—and compare the two, point by point. Engraving, ink, paper, cancellations, and perforations can all be tested, to see if they're genuine or not; the violet ray is useful in many cases. Along with a written report, the owner gets an enlarged photograph of his stamp; the laboratory keeps another, printed on a glass slide, for reference.

During the laboratory's first year, more than twelve hundred rare stamps were put to the test; since then, many thousand stamps have been sent in, some from Australia, Japan, and the Philippines. Mr. Souren says that the fee is merely the average cost of investigating a stamp, and that in any given job the expense to the laboratory might be a



good deal less or a good deal more. One man recently came in with a twelve-cent United States stamp, issue of 1870. He had paid two dollars for it. Given the science, the stamp turned out to be worth $750. Some people, though, have brought in for examination stamps that have cost them ten or fifteen dollars, and spent another five dollars to find that they're worthless. The most spectacular case of this sort occurred when a gentleman brought in a set of stamps which he had just insured for $50,000. Mr. Souren, after investigation, was able to assure him that they were worth only fifty dollars. The gentleman felt terrible.

Travel

A GIRL who was bidden to dinner in Riverdale found herself confused about how to get there. She knew she could take the Broadway subway, but that's all she *did* know. Finally she was inspired to call the information department of the *Daily News*. "Just a moment," the information department said, after she had posed her question. "I will connect you with our travel department."

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REMARK dropped in the Times Square Schrafft's, at teatime: "I must say her diet worked beautifully. She had to have two skins taken out of her mink."

Shaw's Royalties

HAVING heard that George Bernard Shaw's business acumen has long been the sensation of the literary world, and that, specifically, he receives higher royalties than any other playwright, we seized the opportunity offered by the current revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma" to study the twinkly old gent's financial setup. Miss Cornell is paying the standard Shaw royalties. Shaw's arrangement is unique in that it is based on the gross of each performance, instead of the weekly take. If a performance grosses under $250, he gets five per cent. Between $250 and $500, he gets seven and a half per cent; between $500 and $1,500, ten per cent; over that, fifteen per cent. Since every performance of the current run has grossed over $1,500, Shaw has regularly been collecting at least $225 a performance. If this continues to the end of June, as seems likely, he will have made pretty near $27,000, less a federal tax of sixteen and a half per cent: about $22,000. As Mr. Shaw would say, that isnt hay. But, of course, the British tax collector will get most of it.

The minimum royalties paid in this country to run-of-the-mill playwrights is five per cent up to $5,000 a week, seven and a half per cent of the next $2,000, and ten per cent above $7,000. Top-notch playwrights—O'Neill, Sherwood, Barry, Anderson—get ten per cent if the gross is $15,000 or less, fifteen if it is over. Shaw tops this because his royalties are figured on the per-performance basis; that is, they are penalized if a couple of bad houses spoil their weekly grosses, and Shaw isn't. Any way you look at it, Shaw is the highest-paid playwright in the world, and he damn well intends to remain that. An American producer once wrote him that if Shaw would agree to reduced royalties for a revival of "Misalliance," he would keep the reduction a secret. "My terms are an institution more mighty than the Constitution of the United States," Shaw replied. "You must console yourself with the reflection that I am not treating you worse than I am treating everybody else."

Shaw has never had an agent. (The Theatre Guild transacts business for him over here, but receives no commission.) He draws up his own contracts, which stipulate, among other things, that the play, before opening in New York, must be tried out in a reasonably large city, that it have a minimum run of sixteen performances in New York, that he be billed, "with all due prominence," as Bernard Shaw (never mind the "George"), that he be given the opportunity to pass judgment on the advertising, program makeup, and sets, and that not a word of the text is to be tampered with without his permission in writing. Shaw has been known to O.K. the scenery, advertising, and program sight unseen, but the current production of "The Doctor's Dilemma" marks the first time the text has been cut from any of his plays without his permission. A slighting reference to the English atti-

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tude toward unpaid debts, now embarrassing and distasteful to everybody, was quietly removed. So far, Shaw hasn't complained; probably hasn't heard about it.

Unchanging

IN Northampton, Massachusetts, the former home of Calvin Coolidge and the seat of Smith College, a fellow asked his newsdealer-and-stationer if he had a map of the world in stock. The newsdealer said no, that world conditions were too variable these days to warrant stocking up on world maps. "Only maps we carry are of Northampton, Massachusetts," he said.

Emergency Messengers

WE were one of the handful of journalists who attended the Army's pigeon demonstration at Rockefeller Center last week. We got to Rockefeller Plaza just in time to dart off by subway to Kew Gardens with a private and two pigeons. Six other privates, each bearing one or two pigeons in wicker baskets, headed at about the same moment for other outlying parts of the city, where they planned to release the birds. The rôle of the pigeons was to rush back to Rockefeller Plaza, thus demonstrating that in the wartime event of every other means of communication being destroyed in New York City, the birds could carry on. The pigeons we accompanied were Nos. 1054 and 1064, and their custodian was Private Felix Orbanoza, of the Signal Corps. Pursuant to orders, we all took an F express (Parsons Boulevard) at 11:10 A.M. While we were roaring to Queens, Orbanoza shouted to us that all the pigeons involved hailed from Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and that, to the number of fourteen, they had been living in a trailer in Rockefeller Plaza for a week, establishing home ties. They had previously taken short excursions through the canyons of midtown, and once had visited Harlem. Except for two of them who were eaten by a pair of hawks that hang out behind Saks on Madison Avenue, they had all made successful preliminary journeys.

Throughout the subway ride, Nos. 1054 and 1064 maintained a calm, indifferent air. Private Orbanoza told us that a pigeon man must become intimately acquainted with his charges and practically live with them. He himself does his reading in his pigeons' loft, allowing them to look over his shoulder. We arrived at Kew Gardens at 11:34 and Private Orbanoza ducked into a drugstore to phone his sergeant back at Radio City. He ducked out again, hurried across the street to a vacant lot, and turned the pigeons loose. They swooped into the air, heading first north, then west, then east, and flew away.

We tore back to Radio City to see if a man could beat a pigeon by subway, arriving there at 12:06 and learning that No. 1064 had got in three minutes earlier and finished his lunch. That made his time twenty-four minutes. There was considerable talk of Mac, an old service bird, who had already returned from Washington Heights, and a blue-checked hen who had made it from Hudson Terminal in fourteen minutes. A brigadier general, a major, and several other commissioned officers sat around a table in the Plaza waiting for the birds to check in. They did so with such regularity that it was decided to add interest to the proceedings by taking Mac to the top of the R.C.A. Building for a nose dive. Mac was liberated, and to cries of "There's Mac!" dived like a Stuka, levelled off over the British Empire Building, and landed beside the brigadier general. Mac thereupon cooed for his lunch, reminding a man from the Rockefeller Center staff that the commissioned officers and reporters had been invited to lunch in the Rainbow Room. No. 1054 hadn't come in when we left, but soon after we sat down it was announced that all the pigeons had returned. Squab was served for lunch, which we assumed was just a coincidence.

Elegance

A PART-TIME *flâneur* we know dropped in at Tiffany's new quarters and was taken in hand by a suave clerk who said it was no trouble at all to show him around, delighted. On their leisurely tour of inspection, they came to a platinum tea service priced at $9,000. Our friend gasped and gave a long, low whistle, and the clerk said yes, the set was generally admired. "As a matter of fact," he added, "it was on display last summer at the World's F—" Here he looked nervously about him, then continued suavely, "At the exposition in Flushing."

"And yours is the milk, sir?"

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"We've been terribly cramped since John got to worrying about inflation and began to convert his assets into things."

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THE TOUCH OF NUTMEG MAKES IT

A DOZEN big firms subsidize our Mineralogical Institute, and most of them keep at least one man permanently on research there. The library has the intimate and smoky atmosphere of a club. Logan and I had been there longest and had the two tables in the big window bay. Against the wall, just at the edge of the bay, where the light was bad, was a small table which was left for newcomers or transients.

One morning a new man was sitting at this table. It was not necessary to look at the books he had taken from the shelves to know that he was on statistics rather than formulae. He had one of those skull-like faces on which the skin seems stretched painfully tight. These are almost a hallmark of the statistician. His mouth was intensely disciplined but became convulsive at the least relaxation. His hands were the focal point of a minor morbidity. When he had occasion to stretch them both out together—to shift an open book, for example—he would stare at them for a full minute at a time. At such times the convulsive action of his mouth muscles was particularly marked.

The newcomer crouched low over his table when anyone passed behind his chair, as if trying to decrease the likelihood of contact. Presently he took out a cigarette, but his eye fell on the "No Smoking" sign, which was universally disregarded, and he returned the cigarette to its pack. At mid-morning he dissolved a tablet in a glass of water. I guessed at a long-standing anxiety neurosis.

I mentioned this to Logan at lunchtime. He said, "The poor guy certainly looks as miserable as a wet cat."

I am never repelled or chilled, as many people are, by the cheerless self-centredness of the nervous or the unhappy. Logan, who has less curiosity, has a superabundance of good nature. We watched this man sitting in his solitary cell of depression for several days while the pleasant camaraderie of the library flowed all around him. Then, without further discussion, we asked him to lunch with us.

He took the invitation in the typical neurasthenic fashion, seeming to weigh half a dozen shadowy objections before he accepted it. However, he came along, and before the meal was over he confirmed my suspicion that he had been starving for company but was too tied-up to make any move toward it. We had already found out his name, of course—J. Chapman Reid—and that he worked for the Walls Tyman Corporation. He named a string of towns he had lived in at one time or another, and told us that he came originally from Georgia. That was all the information he offered. He opened up very noticeably when the talk turned on general matters, and occasionally showed signs of having an intense and painful wit, which is the sort I like best. He was pathetically grateful for the casual invitation. He thanked us when we got up from the table, again as we emerged from the restaurant, and yet again on the threshold of the library. This made it all the more natural to suggest a quiet evening together sometime soon.

During the next few weeks we saw a good deal of J. Chapman Reid and found him a very agreeable companion. I have a great weakness for these dry, reserved characters who once or twice an evening come out with a vivid, penetrating remark that shows there is a volcanic core smoldering away at high pressure underneath. We might even have become friends if Reid himself hadn't prevented this final step, less by his reserve, which I took to be part of his nature, than by his unnecessary gratitude. He made no effusive speeches—he was not that type—but a lost dog has no need of words to show his dependence and his appreciation. It was clear our company was everything to J. Chapman Reid.

ONE day Nathan Trimble, a friend of Logan's, looked in at the library. He was a newspaperman and was killing an hour while waiting for a train connection. He sat on Logan's table facing the window, with his back to the rest of the room. I went round and talked to him and Logan. It was just about time for Trimble to leave when Reid came in and sat down at his table. Trimble happened to look around, and he and Reid saw one another.

I was watching Reid. After the first startled stare, he did not even glance at the visitor. He sat quite still for a minute or so, his head dropping lower and lower in little jerks, as if someone was pushing it down, then he got up and walked out of the library.

"By God!" said Trimble. "Do you know who that is? Do you know who you've got there?"

"No," said we. "Who?"

"Jason C. Reid."

"Jason C.?" I said. "Oh, yes. So what?"

"Why, for God's sake, don't you read the news? Don't you remember the Pittsburgh cleaver murder?"

"No," said I.

"Wait a minute," said Logan. "About a year or so ago, was it? I read something."

"Damn it!" said Trimble. "It was a front-page sensation. This guy was tried for it. They said he hacked a pal of his pretty nearly to pieces. I saw the body. Never seen such a mess in my life. Fantastic! Horrible!"

"However," said I, "it would appear this fellow didn't do it. Presumably he wasn't convicted."

"They tried to pin it on him," said Trimble, "but they couldn't. It looked hellish bad, I must say. Alone together. No trace of any outsider. But no motive. I don't know. I just don't know. I covered the trial, was in court every day, but I couldn't make up my mind about the guy. Don't leave any meat cleavers round this library, that's all. Look, I've got to get going."

With that, he bade us goodbye. I looked at Logan. Logan looked at me. "I don't believe it," said Logan. "I don't believe he did it."

"I don't wonder his nerves are eating him," said I.

"No," said Logan. "It must be damnable. And now it's followed him here, and he knows it."

"We'll let him know, somehow," said I, "that we're not even interested enough to look up the newspaper files."

"Good idea," said Logan.

A little later Reid came in again, his movements showing signs of intense control. He came over to where we were sitting. "Would you prefer to cancel our arrangement for tonight?" said he. "I think it would be better if we cancelled it. I shall ask my firm to transfer me again. I—"

"Hold on," said Logan. "Who said so? Not us."

"Didn't he tell you?" said Reid. "Of course he did."

"He said you were tried," said I. "And he said you were acquitted. That's good enough for us."

"We aren't interested," said Lo-

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gan. "And the date's on. And we *won't* talk."

"Oh!" said Reid. "Oh!"

"Forget it," said Logan, returning to his papers.

I took Reid by the shoulder and gave him a friendly shove in the direction of his table. We avoided looking at him for the rest of the afternoon.

THAT night, when we met for dinner, we were naturally a little self-conscious. Reid probably felt it. "Look here," he said when we had finished eating, "would either of you mind if we skipped the movie tonight?"

"It's O.K. by me," said Logan. "Shall we go to Chancey's?"

"No," said Reid. "I want you to come somewhere where we can talk. Come up to my place."

"Just as you like," said I. "It's not necessary."

"Yes it is," said Reid. "We may as well get it over."

He was in a painfully nervous state, so we consented and went up to his apartment, where we had never been before. It was a single room with a pull-down bed and a bathroom and kitchenette opening off it. Though Reid had now been in town over two months, there was absolutely no sign that he was living there at all. It might have been a room hired for the uncomfortable conversation of this one night.

We sat down, but Reid immediately got up again and stood between us, in front of the imitation fireplace.

"I should like to say nothing about what happened today," he began. "I should like to ignore it and let it be forgotten. But it can't be forgotten.

"It's no use telling me you won't think about it," said he. "Of course you'll think about it. Everyone did back there. The firm sent me to Cleveland. It became known there, too. Everyone was thinking about it, whispering about it, wondering.

"You see, it would be rather more exciting if the fellow *was* guilty after all, wouldn't it?

"In a way, I'm glad this has come out. With you two, I mean. Most people—I don't want them to know anything. You two—you've been decent to me—I want you to know all about it. All.

"I came up from Georgia to Pittsburgh, was there for ten years with the Walls Tyman people. While there I met—I met Earle Wilson. He came from Georgia, too, and we became very great friends. I've never been one to go about much. Earle was not only my best friend, he was almost my only friend.

"Very well. Earle's job with our company was better than mine; he was able to afford a small house just beyond the fringe of the town. I used to drive out there two or three evenings a week. We spent the evenings very quietly. I want you to understand that I was quite at home in the house. There was no host-and-guest atmosphere about it. If I felt sleepy, I'd make no bones about going upstairs and stretching out on a bed and taking a nap for half an hour. There's nothing so extraordinary about that, is there?"

"No, nothing extraordinary about that," said Logan.

"Some people seemed to think there was," said Reid. "Well, one night I went out there after work. We ate, we sat about a bit, we played a game of checkers. He mixed a couple of drinks, then I mixed a couple. Normal enough, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," said Logan.

"I was tired," said Reid. "I felt heavy. I said I'd go upstairs and stretch out for half an hour. That always puts me right. So I went up.

"I sleep heavily, very heavily, for half an hour, then I'm all right. This time I seemed to be dreaming, a sort of nightmare. I thought I was in an air raid somewhere, and heard Earle's voice calling me, but I didn't wake, not till the usual half-hour was up, anyway.

"I went downstairs. The room below was dark. I called out to Earle and started across from the stairs toward the light switch. Halfway across, I tripped over something—it turned out to be the floor lamp, which had fallen over, and I went down, and I fell flat upon him.

"I knew it was him. I got up and found the light. He was lying there. He looked as if he had been attacked by a madman. He was cut to pieces, almost. God!

"I got hold of the phone at once and called the police. Naturally. While they were coming, I looked round. But first of all I just walked about, dazed. It seems I must have gone up into the bedroom again. I've got no recollection of that, but they found a smear of blood on the pillow. Of course, I was covered with it, absolutely covered; I had fallen on him. You can understand a man be-

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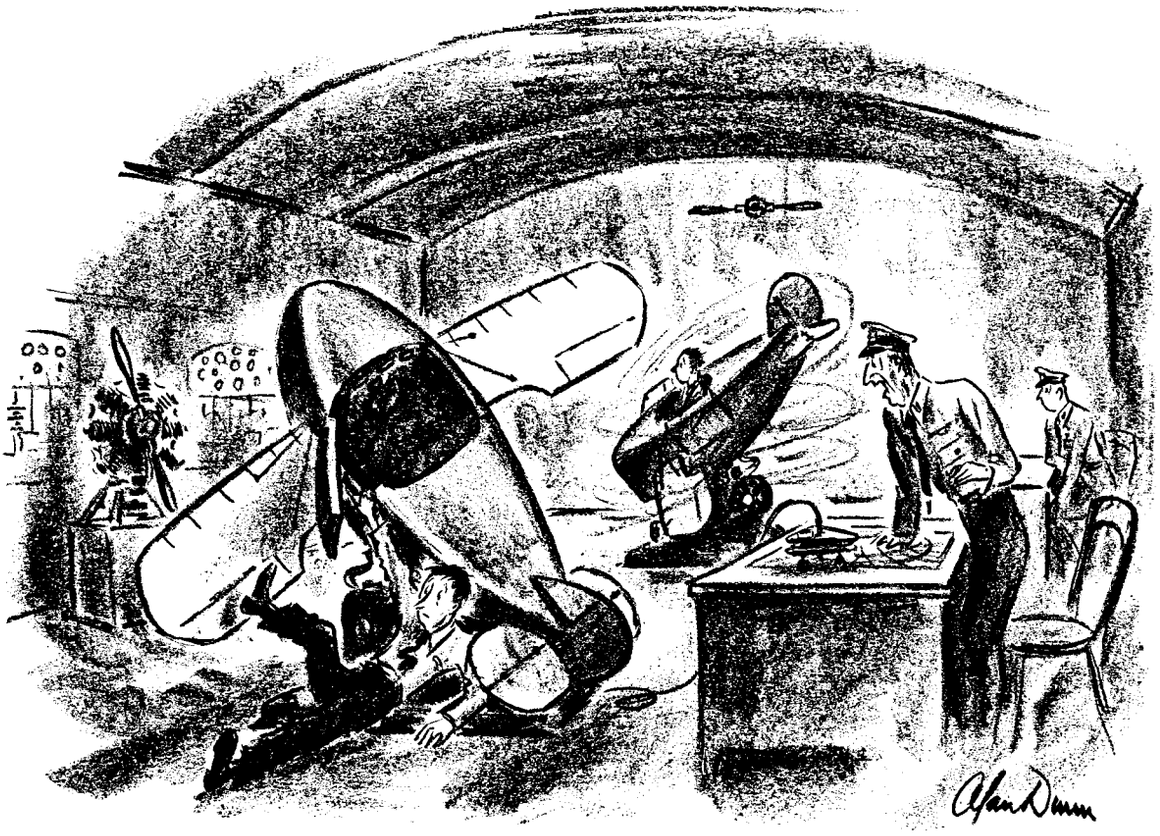

"Quick! Get in and take it up again before you lose your nerve!"

• •

ing dazed, can't you? You can understand him going upstairs, even, and not remembering it? Can't you?"

"I certainly can," said Logan.

"It seems very natural," said I.

"They thought they had trapped me over that," said Reid. "They said so to my face. The idiots! Well, I remember looking round, and I saw what it had been done with. Earle had a great equipment of cutlery in his kitchen. One of our firm's subsidiaries was in that line. One of the things was a meat cleaver, the sort of thing you see usually in a butcher's shop. It was there on the carpet.

"Well, the police came. I told them all I could. Earle was a quiet fellow. He had no enemies. Does *anyone* have that sort of enemy? I thought it must be some maniac. Nothing was missing. It wasn't robbery, unless some half-crazy tramp had got in and been too scared in the end to take anything.

"Whoever it was had made a very clean getaway. Too clean for the police. And too clean for me. They looked for fingerprints, and they couldn't find any.

"They have an endless routine in this sort of thing. I won't bore you with every single detail. It seemed their routine wasn't good enough—the fellow was too clever for them. But of course they wanted an arrest. So they indicted me.

"Their case was nothing but a negative one. God knows how they thought it could succeed. Perhaps they didn't think so. But, you see, if they could build up a strong presumptive case, and I only got off because of a hung jury—well, that's different from having to admit they couldn't find hair or hide of the real murderer.

"What was the evidence against me? That they couldn't find traces of anyone else! That's evidence of their own damned inefficiency, that's all. Does a man murder his best friend for nothing? Could they find any reason, any motive? They were trying to find some woman first of all. They have the mentality of a ten-cent magazine. They combed our money affairs. They even tried to smell out some Fifth-Column tieup. Oh, God, if you knew what it was to be confronted with faces out of a comic strip and with minds that match the faces! If ever you are charged with murder, hang yourself in your cell the first night.

"In the end they settled on our game of checkers. Our poor, harmless game of checkers! We talked all the while we were playing, you know, and sometimes even forgot whose turn it was to move next. I suppose there are people who can go berserk in a dispute over a childish game, but to me that's something utterly incomprehensible. As a matter of fact, I remember we had to start this game over again, not once but twice—first when Earle mixed the drinks, and then when I mixed them. Each time we forgot who was to move. However, they fixed on that. They had to find some shadow of a motive, and that was the best they could do.

"Of course, my lawyer tore it to shreds. By the mercy of God there'd been quite a craze at the works for playing checkers at lunchtime. So he soon found half a dozen men to swear that neither Earle nor I ever played the game seriously enough to get het up about it.

"They had no other motive to put forward. Absolutely none. Both our lives were simple, ordinary, humdrum, and open as a book. What was their case? They couldn't find what they were paid to find. For that, they proposed to send a man to the death cell. Can you beat that?"

"It sounds pretty damnable," said I.

"Yes," said he passionately. "Damnable is the word. They got what they were after—the jury voted nine to three for acquittal, which saved the faces of the police. There was plenty of room for a hint that they were on the right track all the time. You can imagine what my life has been since! If you ever get into that sort of mess, my friends, hang yourselves the first night, in your cell."

"Don't talk like that," said Logan. "Look here, you've had a bad time. Damned bad. But what the hell? It's over. You're here now."

"And we're here," said I. "If that helps any."

"Helps?" said he. "God, if you could ever guess how it helped! I'll never be able to tell you. I'm no good at that sort of thing. See, I drag you here, the only human beings who've treated me decently, and I pour all this stuff out and don't offer you a drink, even. Never

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QUOTE GOD UNQUOTE BLESS YOU, J. OTIS SWIFT

Wreaths of dry vines of wild yam clambering over alders; all dead skeletons of wild lettuce and ragweed on the swamp edge above sharp green awls of skunk cabbage emerging from the wet mud where spring beauty will soon be blossoming white and pink, suggest the "continuity of life."—*J. Otis Swift in "News Outside the Door" in the World-Telegram.*

Those dry vines you speak of are in the shape of wreaths
If I understand you correctly, Mr. Swift.
The alders have been trampled by something wild,
And all the dead skeletons are there beside the swamp,
With the sharp awls (any other weapons?) protruding
from the mud—
The wet mud, as you put it.
These things you discern, Mr. Swift,
And still you seem to think that spring will come,
With blossoms pink and white, and beauty,
And you say that this expectancy suggests
(To you? To whom, then?)
The "continuity of life."

The quotation marks are yours, Mr. Swift.
I borrow them only to enclose again that phrase
Which you yourself saw fit to set apart
From all the other things you have there in that sentence.
Did you intend to indicate that those three words do not
belong to you?
That they are someone else's and that
You disclaim them?
Or did you mean to say that this top-heavy phrase,
Yours or whoever's,
This vigorous triumvirate—
One long, one very short, one middle-sized—
Marches now in the dim category of the so-called,
An if-and-when affair for the time being,
Something gone, perhaps forgot, hard to get back, worth
retrieving?

Whatever you intended, Mr. Swift,
Those little black marks that hang like claws
Around the brave phrase pinioned there in your prose
Give to that day's news outside the door
An explicit, sombre view of swamp in spring
That assaults the soul.

I applaud you, Mr. Swift.
I salute your punctuation
As smartly as an untrained civilian can.
I stand at attention before your syntax.
The quotation marks are yours, Mr. Swift.
By all means keep them, along with any other bits of lead like the
That you may have around.
You'll need them, Mr. Swift.
Keep them corked in something small and handy.
Keep them in an elf's canteen and use them sparingly,
As you would use a pepper mill filled with diamond dust,
For seasoning that which clearly is unpalatable,
Cannot withstand analysis,
Has no intrinsic worth,
Is born of an oblique integrity,
Is unadmirable, untrue,
Not fitting,
Yet must be welcomed and esteemed
So that those who die in life
And those who live in death
May have some kind of continuity,
Whatever the month may be,
To hold in the glistening palm of the closed, aimed fist.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

• •

mind, I'll give you one now—a drink you'll like."

"I could certainly swallow a highball," said Logan.

"You shall have something better than that," said Reid, moving toward the kitchenette. "We have a little specialty down in our corner of Georgia. Only it's got to be fixed properly. Wait just a minute."

HE disappeared through the door, and we heard corks being drawn and a great clatter of pouring and mixing. While this went on, he was still talking through the doorway. "I'm glad I brought you up here," he said. "I'm glad I put the whole thing to you. You don't know what it means—to be believed, understood, by God! I feel I'm alive again."

He emerged with three brimming glasses on a tray. "Try this," he said proudly.

"To the days ahead!" said Logan, as we raised our glasses.

We drank and raised our eyebrows in appreciation. The drink seemed to be a sort of variant of sherry flip, with a heavy sprinkling of nutmeg.

"You like it?" cried Reid eagerly. "There's not many people know the recipe for that drink, and fewer still can make it well. There are one or two bastard versions which some damned fools mix up—a disgrace to Georgia. I could—I could pour the mess over their heads. Wait a minute. You're men of discernment. Yes, by God, you are! You shall decide for yourselves."

With that, he darted back into the kitchenette and rattled his bottles more furiously than before, still talking to us disjointedly, praising the orthodox version of his drink, and damning all imitations.

"Now, here you are," said he, appearing with the tray loaded with drinks

very much like the first but rather differently garnished. "These abortions have mace and ginger on the top instead of nutmeg. Take them. Drink them. Spit them out on the carpet if you want to. I'll mix some more of the real thing to take the taste out of your mouth. Just try them. Just tell me what you think of a barbarian who could insist that *that* was a Georgian flip. Go on. Tell me."

We sipped. There was no considerable difference. However, we replied as was expected of us.

"What do you think, Logan?" said I. "The first has it, beyond doubt."

"Beyond doubt," said Logan. "The first is the real thing."

"Yes," said Reid, his face livid and his eyes blazing like live coals. "And *that* is hogwash. The man who calls *that* a Georgian flip is not fit to—not fit to mix bootblacking. It hasn't the nutmeg. The touch of nutmeg makes it."

He put out both his hands to lift the tray, and his eyes fell on them. He sat very still, staring at them.

—JOHN COLLIER

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"Humphrey, this is Miss Barrows, the new governess. She speaks French, Spanish, and Italian fluently, knows algebra, and can play second base."

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THE SQUIRREL

THE Bennetts were living out at Hampton Bays with Mrs. Bennett's mother, Mrs. Folson, a comfortably well-off widow with a hard eye and a sniff. "Persons on relief should certainly not be allowed to vote," Mrs. Folson used to say. Bennett was an architect who had begun his career with the depression, and he had never recovered from that horrible stretch when an architect was just about the last thing in the world anybody wanted.

You would have thought Florence, his wife, still wore bands on her teeth the way her mother treated her, and as they were dependent on the old lady for their board and keep as well as that of their daughter, Peggy, who was seven, Bennett's life was not happy. While shaving that morning he had heard his mother-in-law raise her voice and say, "My goodness, he can't even get drafted and be some use to his country!," so he slipped out of the house and went for a walk along the beach.

Bennett plodded up and down the sand several hours, trying to think things straight, and was about to return to the house for one of those talks with Florence when he met Superman. Superman was a cur, an eater of garbage, who belonged to the children of O'Rourke, the contractor. He was as near to an Airedale as to anything else, although not really near, and the head on him kept reminding Bennett of a snarling bear's. Bennett hated the dog and the dog hated him, and for several seconds they stood and glared at each other, Superman making a slow, fierce noise in his throat and Bennett sticking out his chin and raising his upper lip. "Yaaaa!" Bennett finally shouted. He snatched up a shell at his feet and hurled it with all his might. The shell was too light to carry the few yards between them, but Superman ran away.

Bennett climbed the bank that led up from the beach and started through the small pinewoods between the beach and his mother-in-law's house. He had got nearly through it when he heard a great chittering and chattering. He gazed up into the tree the noise was coming from, frowned, then searched the ground until, sure enough, he found a baby red squirrel. So small and weak it could barely crawl, it had fallen out of the tree. He put his hat over it carefully and hurried on.

"Just a moment now and you will hear from Mr. Average Inarticulate Man-in-the-Street."

WILL this knock Peggy for a pretzel, Bennett thought to himself. Amazing, the love the child had for animals; a genuine zoophile she was, and that old sow too stingy to give her a little pleasure. Always some excuse: dogs would root up her garden, cats she couldn't stand the sight of, canaries got on her nerves, turtles were messy. Well, this time it would be different. He'd build a pen behind the woodshed with plenty of trick ramps in it and one of those circular cages to gallop in.

"Peggy!" Bennett called so loudly that the child came tearing out of the house.

"Daddy! Daddy!" She had caught the excitement in his voice.

"Come along with me quick. I've got a surprise for you. Honestly, it's a fine surprise."

"Oh, what is it, Daddy?" she said. It always tore at him when her face lit that way. "Tell me what it is, Daddy. Tell me, tell me."

"Never you mind," Bennett said, grinning down at her delight. "Merely please to follow this way, please."

"Is it something live, Daddy? Is it a pet? Please say if it's a pet."

"Never you mind," Bennett said, beginning to feel warm and wonderful. "This is supposed to be a surprise, and how can anything be a surprise if you tell what it is ahead?"

"Oh, it's a pet!" she said, searching his face. "I know it's a pet. Ha! Ha!" she cried with a full throat, hopping up and down beside him and clapping her hands. "A pet! A pet!"

When they got to the hat, Bennett gently raised it, and there on the pine needles lay the ridiculous baby squirrel. The mother squirrel scurried up and down her tree, chittering and chattering more furiously than before. The baby squirrel, its eyes tight shut, heard her and moved its legs weakly. But Bennett

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"I thought somebody like Noel Coward might be able to use it."

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only glanced at it. He was watching his own child. The motion her hands made in reaching down and barely touching the little squirrel was the most beautiful thing he had seen so far on this earth. If she would only keep on looking up at him like that forever!

Bennett picked up the squirrel and carried it, keeping his hands low enough for the dancing Peggy to see.

"Mummy! Mummy!" she squealed as they neared the house. "Come quick and see my squirrel, my very own puppy squirrel."

Florence came out through the kitchen door and Bennett put the squirrel down on the back porch. Then Florence went into the kitchen and returned with a saucer of milk. The little squirrel wouldn't touch it. "Get an eye dropper," Bennett said to his wife. On her way back from the medicine chest, Florence met her mother in the living room. "What are you doing with that eye dropper?" Mrs. Folson said. Florence hesitated. "We're trying to feed a baby squirrel, Mother," she said.

Mrs. Folson appeared on the kitchen porch and looked at the baby squirrel. "Under no circumstances," she said, looking carefully at Florence, who met her look, then let her eyes fall. Mrs. Folson did not look at her son-in-law at all. She went back into the house. The Bennetts looked at each other. He opened his hands and closed them. Florence turned to the child. "Peggy, darling—" she began.

Peggy put her hands over her face and rocked her body back and forth in rhythm with her weeping. "I can't even have one single pet," she kept saying.

It took a long while to make her see that Granny was right, but she did at last, wearily, shivering with an occasional sob, bitter-faced.

"You see," Bennett said as they were going back to the woods, "it's this way. You wouldn't like it, would you, if somebody, some total stranger, came along and took you away from Mummy and me? Would you, now? Of course you wouldn't. And think how we'd feel. We'd just about die, that's what we'd do. Well, as a matter of fact, that's exactly how it is with this poor little red squirrel you have there in your hands."

THEY put it back where Bennett had found it, but the mother squirrel kept running up and down her tree and wouldn't come and get it. So they laid it on the needles by the roots and drew back about ten yards and crouched to watch. The swollen, after-tears look was leaving Peggy's face and she watched sharply.

The mother squirrel crept down the trunk with tiny, cautious steps, a foot or two at a time. Now she had got to the lowest limb, now she was coming down further, lower and lower, inching down, now she was almost to the ground.

Suddenly there was a swift, snarling noise, a dun streak swept in, and Superman had stooped, snapped up the baby squirrel, and fled with him down the path through the woods. Bennett sprang up and ran after him.

"Superman!" he roared. "Superman! Superman!"

But when he got to the bend in the path he saw overtaking him would do no good, for Superman, confident he couldn't be caught, had stopped twenty or thirty yards away and was crunching with swift bobbings of his snarling bear's head. —FRANK PRENTISS

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VIOLET CORSAGE—Lost Sunday, vicinity 4th or 5th Sts. Dial 2-1471, daytime. —*Adv. in the Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

Going out again next Sunday, eh?

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PROFILES

THE JOLLITY BUILDING

II—FROM HUNGER

IT is likely that when the six-story Jollity Building, so called, is pulled down, it will be replaced by a one- or two-story taxpayer, because buildings along Broadway now derive their chief income from the stores at street level, and taxpayers, which earn just as much from their stores, are cheaper to operate. When the Jollity Building comes down, the small theatrical agents, the sleazy costumers, the bandleaders in worn camel's-hair overcoats, the aged professors of acrobatic dancing, and all the petty promoters who hang, as the phrase goes, in the Jollity Building's upper floors will spill out into the street and join the musicians who are waiting for jobs and the pitchmen who sell self-threading needles along the curb.

Meanwhile, day after day, small-time performers ride the elevators and wander through the grimy halls of the Jollity Building looking for work. Jack McGuire, who in the evening is a bouncer in Jollity Danceland, on the second floor, thoroughly understands the discouraged performers. "They're just like mice," he says, "they been pushed around so much." Jack is a heavyweight prizefighter who recently retired for the forty-eighth time in the last five years. He still looks impressively healthy, since few of his fights have lasted more than one round. "It was the greatest two-minute battle you ever seen," he said a while ago, describing his latest comeback, against a local boy in Plainfield, New Jersey. "For the first thirty seconds I was ahead on points." Jack's face is of a warm, soft pink induced by the prolonged application of hot towels in the Jollity Building barbershop, which is just off the lobby. Sprawled in the sixth barber chair from the door, he sleeps off hangovers. His shoulders, naturally wide, are accentuated by the padding Broadway clothiers lavish on their customers. Among the putty-colored, sharp-nosed little men and the thin-legged women in the elevators, he looks like an animal of a different breed. His small eyes follow the performers constantly. During the day, Jack is a runner for a great number of agents. He learns from them where there are openings for various types of talent—ballroom-dancing teams, Irish tenors, singing hostesses, and so on—and then steers performers to the agents handling the jobs. He has strolled about the Jollity Building so long that he knows hundreds of them by sight. "Such-and-such an agent is looking for a ballroom team," he will tell a husband-and-wife pair he knows. "A week in a Chink joint in Yonkers." He gives them one of the agent's cards, on which he writes "Jack." If the team gets the week, at forty dollars, it must pay a commission of four dollars to the agent, and another of two dollars to Jack. The second commission is entirely extra-legal, since Jack is not a licenced agent, but Jack often steers performers to a job they wouldn't have had otherwise, so they don't kick. Agents are glad to have Jack work with them, because buyers of talent want instantaneous service and few acts can be reached by telephone during the day. Sometimes, when an act is held over for a second week and fails to pay the agent his additional commission, Jack is engaged to put the muscle on the unethical performer. When Jack encounters him, usually in Charlie's Bar & Grill or at the I. & Y. cigar store, which are both near the Jollity Building, he says, "Say, I hear your agent is looking for you." The hint is enough ordinarily. When it is not, Jack uses the muscle.

The proprietor of Jollity Danceland is the most solvent tenant in the building and he pays by far the largest rent. The dance hall has an entrance of its own on the street and is reached by a stairway and elevators reserved for customers. Jack receives five dollars a night for bouncing there. At one time the proprietor planned to put the bouncers on a piecework basis, but he changed his mind, to Jack's lasting regret. "I would of bounced all the customers," he says. "I would of made my fortune sure." Between the hours of six and eight every evening, at a small gymnasium west of Tenth Avenue, Jack trains a few amateur boxers he manages. There is not much money in managing amateurs, who never earn more than sixteen dollars in a night, but Jack thinks that someday one of his protégés might show promise, and then he could sell the boy's contract to an established manager. With all these sources of income, McGuire would live in affluence, by Jollity Building standards, if it were not for his thirst, which is perpetual. When he drinks, he sometimes threatens to put the muscle on strangers who refuse to pay for his liquor. This detracts from his popularity at the neighborhood bars, and the bartenders resort to chemical expedients to get rid of him. Jack is proud of the immunity he has developed. "I got so I like those Mickey Finns as good as beer," he often tells acquaintances.

Although Jack has never paid any office rent, he is on familiar terms with Morty Ormont, the lugubrious renting agent of the Jollity Building, whom he encounters in the barbershop and at the lunch counter in the basement. He sometimes borrows a dollar from Morty, always giving him a hundred-dollar check on a bank in Lynchburg, Virginia, as security. Morty, of course, knows that Jack has no account in the bank. In the Jollity Building, checks are considered not as literal drafts on existent funds but as a particularly solemn form of promise to repay a loan, since it is believed that the holder of a bad check has it in his power to throw the check-writer into jail for twenty-five years. When Jack repays the dollar, usually in four installments, Morty gives the check back to him. Practically everybody in the Jollity Building carries a checkbook. Fellows who cannot borrow from Morty even by giving him checks sometimes ask him to vouch for them so that they can borrow from six-for-fivers, the chaps who lend five dollars one day and collect six dollars the next. "Will you O.K.

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me with a Shylock, Morty?" one of these suppliants will ask. "You know I'm an honest man." "In what way?" Morty demands cynically if he does not know the man well. If the fellow says, "In every way," Morty refuses to O.K. him, because he is obviously a crook.

The prizefight managers who hang in the Jollity Building are, as one might expect, of an inferior order. The boys they handle provide what sportswriters like to call the "stiff opposition" against which incubating stars compile "sterling records." "When the Garden brings in some fellow that you never heard of from Cleveland or Baltimore or one of them other Western states, and it says in the paper he has had stiff opposition," says a Jollity Building manager known as Acid Test Ike, "that means the opposition has been stiffs. In other words, the class of boys I got." It is Acid Test who manages Jack in all of his comebacks. For each comeback, Ike and Jack go to some place like Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or Wheeling, West Virginia, where there happens to be a novice heavyweight, and Ike tells the sports editor of the local newspaper, "My man will give this kid the acid test." Then Jack gets knocked out. Naturally, Ike also has to manage smaller fighters who will get knocked out by middleweights and lightweights. "A fellow could make a pleasant dollar with a stable of bums," he sometimes says, "only the competition is so terrific. There is an element getting into the game that is willing to be knocked out very cheap." Acid Test Ike always wears a bottle-green suit, a brick-red topcoat, and an oyster-white hat. "It don't take brains to make money with a good fighter," he says rather bitterly when he feels an attack of the miss-meal cramps coming on. "Running into a thing like that is just luck."

PERFORMERS, when they arrive at the Jollity Building looking for work, usually take an elevator straight to the floor on which the agent who most often books them is located. After leaving this agent, they make a tour of the other agents' offices to see if anyone else has a job for them. Only when rendered desperate by hunger do they stray down to the third floor, where the people Morty calls the heels hold forth in furnished offices each about the size of a bathroom. Since the heels constitute the lowest category of tenant in the building, no proprietor of a first-class chop-suey joint or roadhouse would call on them for talent. "The best you can get there," performers say, "is a chance to work Saturday night at a ruptured saloon for *bubkis*." "*Bubkis*" is a Yiddish word which means "large beans."

One of the most substantial agents in the building is Jerry Rex, a swarthy, discouraged man who used to be a ventriloquist. He has an unusually large one-room office, which was once the studio of a teacher of Cuban dancing. The walls are painted in orange-and-black stripes, and there are several full-length wall mirrors, in which the pupils used to watch themselves dance. Mr. Rex sits at a desk at the end of the office opposite the door, and performers waiting to speak to him sit on narrow benches along the walls. Rex has an assistant named Dave, who sits on a couch in one corner of the room. Rex always professes to be waiting for a call from a theatre owner in, for example, Worcester, Massachusetts, who will want four or five acts and a line of eight girls. He urges all the entertainers who drop in at his place to sit down and wait with him. "Also, a fellow who owns the biggest night club in Scranton is going to pop up here any minute," he tells the performers confidentially. "You better wait around." The man from Worcester never calls up, but the performers don't mind killing a half-hour with Jerry. "It rests your feet," one woman singer has said, "and also you meet a lot of people you know." Jerry leaves Dave in charge of the office when he goes out. "If Geor-

"I did these when I had the measles and they all had to be fumigated."

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gie Hale pops up here looking for me," Jerry always says in a loud voice as he is leaving, "tell him that Billy Rose pulled me over to Lindy's for a bite." Then he goes downstairs to the lunch counter, where he may try to talk Barney, the proprietor, into letting him charge a cup of coffee. Rex, when he is not attempting to impress performers or rival agents, is a profoundly gloomy man. "You got only three classes of performers today," he sometimes says. "Class A, which means, for example, like Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor; Class B, like the Hartmans, for instance, or Henny Youngman, that can yet get a very nice dollar; and Class Z, which is all the little people. Small-time vaudeville is definitely out. All you got is floor shows, fraternal entertainments, and in the summer the borsch circuit. An entertainer who can average thirty dollars a week all year is Class Z tops. There ain't no such entertainer. A husband-and-wife team *might* make it."

Jerry does not consider his large office an extravagance, because he lives in it twenty-four hours a day, which is a violation of the building laws, and saves the price of a hotel room. He sleeps on the couch, while Dave, a blue-chinned young man with the mores of a tomcat, sleeps on one of the wall benches. Jerry occasionally buys a bottle of beer for the porter who cleans the offices. The grateful porter always does Jerry's first, so the agent can get a good night's rest. Every morning, Jerry washes and shaves in the men's room on his floor. Dave often contents himself with smearing face powder over his beard. Dave is of a happier temperament than his employer. He likes to think of himself as a heartbreaker and is full of stories about the girls who wander through the Jollity Building halls. He calls them heads and boskos. "Bosko" has a definitely roguish connotation. One may safely say to a friend, "That was a beautiful head I seen you with," even if one does not know who the head was. But if one says "bosko," and the woman turns out to be the friend's wife, one has committed a social error. Dave has a tried technique for forming acquaintanceships in the Jollity Building. "I know this head is a performer, or she would not be in the building," he says. "So I go up to her and say 'What do you do?' If she says 'I dance,' I say 'Too bad, I was looking for a singer.' If she says 'sing,' I say 'Too bad, I was looking for a dancer.' In that way we get acquainted, and if she looks promising, I pull her down to Barney's for a celery tonic."

APOLOGY

Pardon, after poets, if I have written
Not of the moon and roses but of such things
As walk in front of the nightmare and behind—
The barren women, the termites eating the steel;
They happened to be around.
And you too, pardon,
Excellent critics, flourishing then and now.
Yes, indeed, I'd rather have written of Lancelot,
The running deer in the arras of the green wood,
A girl's young throat, and an old man like an apple tree.
I assure you I am by no means a violent person.
I believe in the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost,
Emotion recollected in tranquillity,
And all the artistic things. I tried very hard.
Pardon me, then, for mentioning the bombs
Which happened to be around.
They were real, you see;
They actually happened, they even blew up critics;
When you make your new exegesis, think of that,
For it is a solemn thought.
I can only say
I lived and died in a time of strife and anger.
What I wrote had strife and anger in its blood.
If it is to last, it will last through strife and anger,
The voice crying through thunder, the bitter flame.

—Stephen Vincent Benét

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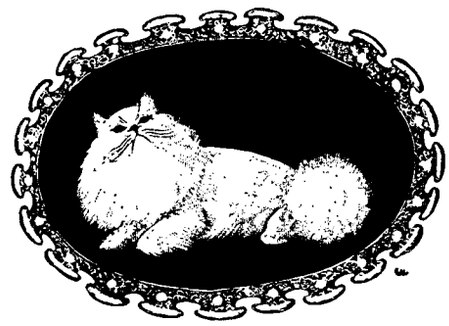
Women performers have a better chance of getting cabaret jobs than men, because they mix with the customers. Jerry, who grew up in the sheltered respectability of vaudeville, resents this. "I booked a man with a trained dog into one trap in Astoria," he recently said, "and after one night they cancelled him out because the dog couldn't mix. There never was such a tough market for talent. I book an acrobatic act in which, as a finish, one guy walks offstage playing a mandolin and balancing the other guy upside down on his head. The understander only plays a couple of bars, you see, for the effect. I booked them for an Elks' smoker in Jersey and the chairman of the entertainment committee didn't want to pay me because he said the members don't like musical acts. To stand this business, you got to have a heart of steel." Most agents in the Jollity Building, when they supply talent for a whole show, book themselves as master of ceremonies and collect an extra ten dollars for announcing the acts. Jerry has given up this practice.



"When I get out on the stage and think of what a small buck the performers are going to get, I feel like crying," he says, "so I send Dave instead."

A FAIR number of the performers who look for jobs in the Jollity Building have other occupations as well. Many of the women work as receptionists or stenographers in the daytime and make their rounds of agents' offices after five o'clock. Hockticket Charlie, an agent who is one of Jerry Rex's neighbors on the fourth floor, has a sideline of his own. Hockticket Charlie is a tall, cross-eyed man with a clarion voice and a solemn manner. By arrangement with a number of pawnbrokers of his acquaintance, he sells pawn tickets. The chief reason anyone purchases a pawn ticket is that he holds the common belief that a watch accepted in pawn for $10, for example, must in reality be worth around $40. The fellow who buys a ticket for $5 is therefore theoretically able to obtain a $40 watch for a total outlay of $15. Hockticket Charlie's pawnbroker friends, aware of this popular superstition, make out a lot of tickets to fictitious persons. Charlie sells the tickets for a few dollars each to performers in the Jollity Building. Each

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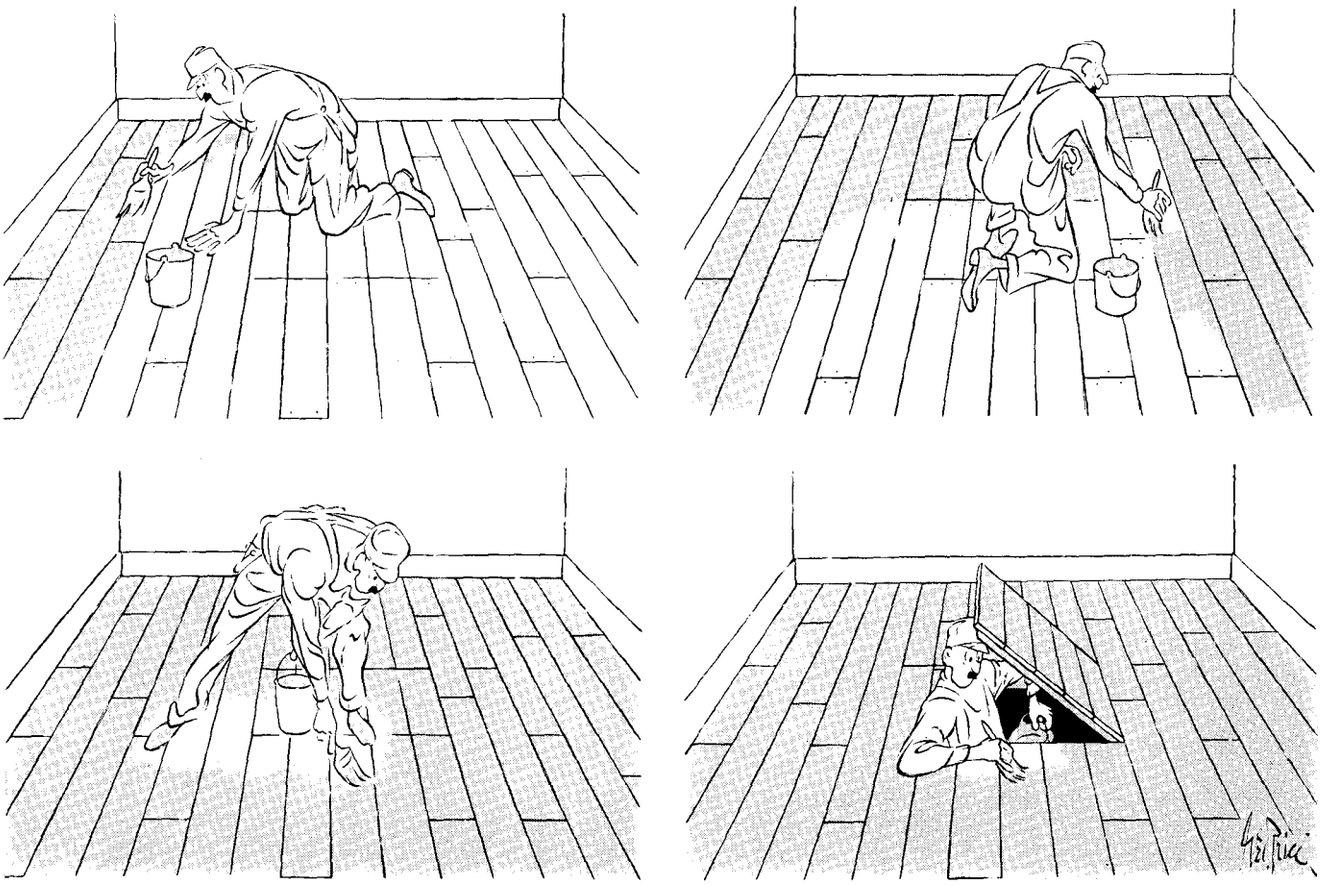

ticket entitles the purchaser to redeem a piece of second-hand jewelry—for not more than three times its value—which the broker has bought at an auction sale. Hockticket nearly always pays off colored performers with pawn tickets which will theoretically permit them to purchase diamonds at a large reduction. By paying $10 to a broker, the holder of one of these tickets can often acquire a ring easily worth $3. Sometimes Hockticket engages a number of performers to play a date in what he calls "a town near here," and tells them to meet him at the Jollity Building, so that they can all ride out to the date together. He loads them into a rickety bus which he has chartered for $10, and the "town near here" turns out to be Philadelphia. If the acts travelled there singly, they would collect railroad fares for the round trip. Instead, Charlie collects all the railroad fares from the Philadelphia house manager who has booked the show. He often succeeds in paying the bus owner with hock tickets. Morty Ormont has a sincere admiration for Hockticket Charlie.

ANOTHER agent on the fourth floor, and the most sedate one in the building, is a woman named Maida Van Schuyler, who books stag shows for conventions and for the banquets large corporations give in honor of newly elected vice-presidents or retiring department heads. Mrs. Van Schuyler, a tall, flat-chested woman with fluffy white hair, was at one time a singer of arch numbers like "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave" and "Two Little Love Bees Buzzing in a Bower." As such, she recalls, she lent a touch of class to New England and Ohio vaudeville around 1912. The walls in an anteroom of her office are hung with numerous framed mottoes, such as "What Is More Precious Than a Friend?" and "Seek for Truth and Love Will Seek for You." A plain young woman sits in the anteroom and takes the names of visitors in to Mrs. Van Schuyler. When Mrs. Van Schuyler does not wish to see them, she sends out word that she is terribly sorry but one of her best-beloved friends has just passed away and she is too broken up about it to talk. If the visitor waits around a minute, he may hear a loud, strangling sob. Mrs. Van Schuyler, who is very much interested in spiritualism, often says that she would like to retire from the stag-show business and become a medium. "There isn't a dime left in this lousy business," she remarks. "The moving pictures have spoiled it, just like they did with vaudeville."

Every now and then, one of Mrs. Van Schuyler's shows is raided, but the detectives give her advance notice because she provides the entertainments for a number of police banquets. "We have to make a pinch, Mrs. Van Schuyler," they say apologetically, "because the shooflies are working in our territory and we can't let a big brawl like this run without getting turned in." Shooflies, as all the world knows, are policemen in mufti assigned to make a secret check on the activities of other policemen. Within a week or two after the raid, which never results in a conviction, the friendly detectives return and say, "It's all right, Mrs. Van Schuyler, we got the shooflies taking now." With this assurance, Mrs. Van Schuyler can go ahead with her business. She seldom employs the ordinary entertainers who wander around the Jollity Building, but relies on specialists whom she lists in a large card file. "It is a highly specialized field of entertainment, darling," she tells gentlemen who are negotiating with her for their organizations. "Our girls must have poise, discretion, and *savoy faire*." To old friends like Morty

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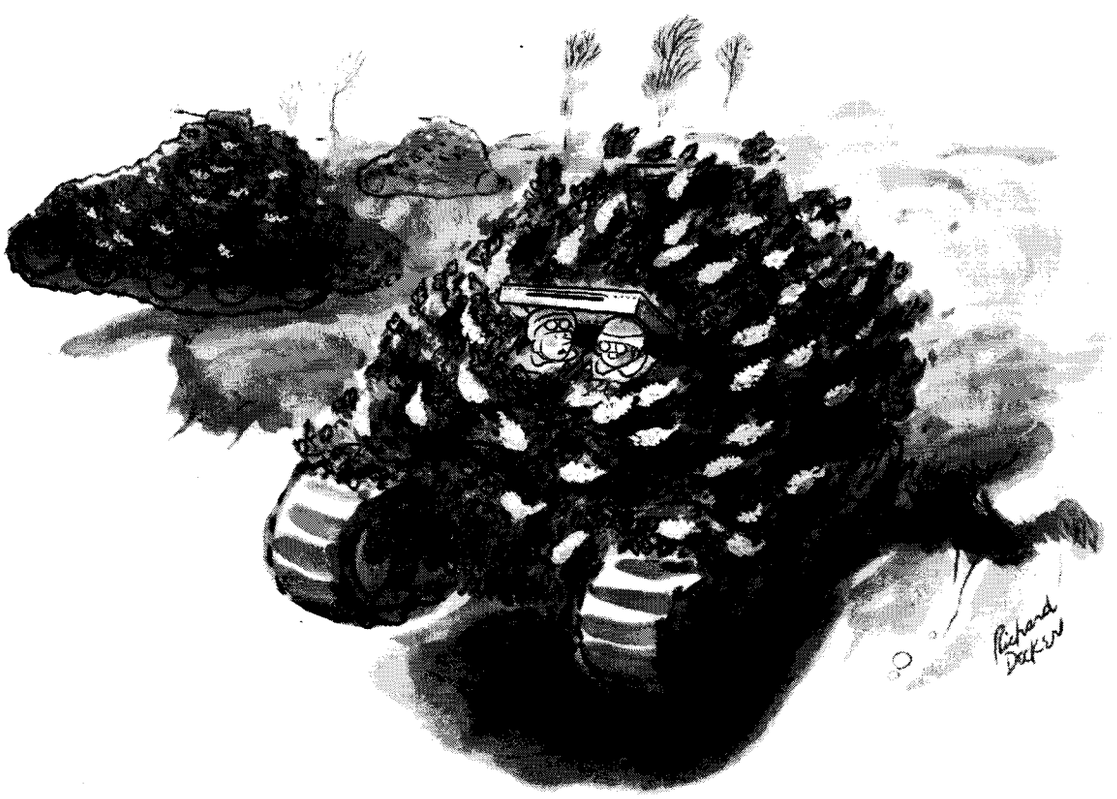
Ormont, she sometimes says less elegantly, after an all-night party with a convention of textbook publishers or refrigerator salesmen, "You ought to seen those apes try to paw the girls."

Performers on their way to see one of the agents on the fourth floor are sometimes frightened by wild fanfares from an office occupied by an Italian who repairs trumpets. A musician who brings a trumpet to the Italian always blows a few hot licks to demonstrate that the instrument is out of true. When he calls for the trumpet, he blows a few more to see whether it is all right again. Once a swing dilettante stood in the hall for half an hour listening to the noises and then walked in and said that it was the best band he had ever heard and he wanted it to play at a rent party he was giving for some other *cognoscenti*.

NOT all the transients in the Jollity Building halls are entertainers making the rounds of the agents. There is a fellow known as Paddy the Booster, who sells neckties he steals from haberdashers, and another known as Mac the Phony Booster, who sells neckties which he pretends to have stolen but are really shoddy ties he has bought very cheaply. Naturally, Paddy looks down on Mac, whom he considers a racketeer. "It takes all kinds of people to make up a great city," Jack McGuire sometimes tells Paddy, trying to soothe him. Also, every floor of the building has at least one bookmaker, who hangs in the hall. "In winter, the bookmakers complain because we don't heat the halls better," the beleaguered Morty Ormont says. A dollar is the standard Jollity Building wager. The accepted method of assembling it is to drop in on an acquaintance and say, "I got a tip on a horse, but I'm short a quarter." One repeats this operation until one has accumulated four quarters. It sometimes takes a long time, but there is always an oversupply of that. This system reduces the risk of betting to a minimum. On the infrequent occasions when some momentarily prosperous tenant bets important money on a race—say, five dollars—two or three of the hall bookmakers get together and divide up the hazard.

A stranger would be puzzled by some of the greetings exchanged by performers wandering between agents' offices. "Why, ZaSu Pitts!" a gaunt young man wearing suède shoes and an overcoat of mattress-filling will shout at a girl younger, twenty pounds heavier, and obviously poorer than Miss Pitts, whom she doesn't even faintly resemble. "Clark Gable!" the girl will shout, throwing her arms around him. "I haven't seen you since I thumbed a ride from that crumb in Anniston, Alabama!" The man and woman are not talking this way for a gag; they are survivors of a Hollywood-double troupe, a form of theatrical enterprise that has replaced the "Uncle Tom" show in out-of-the-way areas of the United States. In a double troupe, which usually travels in a large, over-crowded old automobile, all the members are supposed to be able to imitate Hollywood stars. They play in moving-picture theatres or grange halls, usually for a percentage of the receipts. Members of these companies seldom know each other's real names, even when they have heard them. In recounting their wanderings, they are likely to say, "Mae West was driving, see, and she goes to sleep. And only Ray Bolger seen the truck coming and grabbed the wheel, we would of all landed in some broken-down hospital in Henderson, N.C." The Hollywood doubles earn less and eat worse than the barnstormers of fifty years ago, but they have the pleasure of identifying themselves with the extremely wealthy. Some players are able to impersonate two or even three Hollywood stars to the complete satisfaction of an audience in Carbondale, Illinois. Sleeping on dressing tables, the doubles dream that they are lolling at Palm Springs, like in the *Daily Mirror*. A boy who impersonates Ned Sparks and Jimmy Durante once told Jerry Rex that he was downhearted only once in his mimetic career. That was at a county fair in Pennsylvania where some doubles were performing on an open-air stage under a hot sun. "I give them everything I had," the boy said, "and them apple-knockers just sat there from sorrow. They never even heard of Jimmy Durante or Ned Sparks. They broke my heart."



"Yes, but who ever heard of a lilac bush going forty miles an hour?"

Summer, which used to be the dead season for entertainers, is now the period during which they eat most frequently. There are several rehearsal rooms in the Jollity Building, and throughout June they are full of uproar as the performers prepare for their migration to the Catskill Mountain

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Arden

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
A Comedy by
MOSS HART and GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS MADY CHRISTIANS
1941 Drama Critics' Circle Prize Play
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
1941 Drama Critics' Circle Prize Play
NATIONAL, W. 41 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
with
RAYMOND MASSEY
SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Beguiling and tender comedy."—Atkinson, Times
William Saroyan's
THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
"Tender and beautiful."—Walter Winchell
LYCEUM, 45 St. East of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"One of the merriest Broadway events in weeks."—Waldorf, Post
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN
WINDSOR Thea., 157 W. 48th St. PE 6-4891
Eves. 55c-$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c to $2.20
PERFORMANCE SUNDAY Evg. at 8:30

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

resorts. "Up there the kids work for pot cheese," Jerry Rex says. "Here they don't even make themselves a chive." In the Catskills, a personable young man who can act as master of ceremonies, tell funny stories, give lessons in the conga, perform card tricks, direct amateur theatricals, do a screamingly funny eccentric dance, and impersonate stars of screen and radio can earn twenty-five dollars a week and room and board for ten consecutive weeks, provided he has a sensational singing voice. Performers at various hotels add to their income by uniting for occasional benefit shows, the beneficiary always being the entertainer at the hotel where the show is staged. "If a guy does not shoot crap with the guests," Jerry Rex says, "he has a chance to save himself a buck." Returning from the mountains after Labor Day, bloated with pot cheese, the actor sometimes survives until October, Jerry says, before developing doughnut tumors, a gastric condition attributed by him to living on crullers and coffee and which is usually a forerunner of the miss-meal cramps. By November, the performer no longer feels the cramps, because he is accustomed to being from hunger and not having what to eat. Then he starts talking about a job that has been promised to him in Miami if he can get there, and he tries, unsuccessfully, to promote somebody for railroad fare. Meanwhile, he plays any date he can get. Sometimes he doesn't work for a week and then has a chance to play a couple of dates in a night, perhaps a smoker in the west Bronx and a church party in Brooklyn, the first of which will net him $4.50 and the second $2.70, after the deduction of Jerry Rex's commissions.

THE Jollity Building has at least a dozen tenants who teach voice, dancing, and dramatic art, and a few

CENTER THEATRE Rockefeller Center
America's First Ice Theatre
Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
Musical Icetravaganza
IT HAPPENS ON ICE
2nd Edition
"A Great Show."—Herald Tribune
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40: $2.75 to $1.10. Mats. Sun., Wed. & Sat. at 2:40: $2.20 to $1.10. CO. 5-5474. No Monday perf. Unreserved 75¢ seats on sale ea. perf. when doors open.

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." Walter Winchell
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"Most Attractive Couple on Broadway"
—Louis Sobol, Journ.-Amer.
Alfred de Liagre, Jr., presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
BELASCO W. 44. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TERRIFIC" Whipple, World-Tel.
"BRILLIANT" Watts, Her. Trib.
GEORGE ABBOTT'S Musical Comedy Hit
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Hilarious horse play . . . a wonderful belly laugh".
—Anderson, Journal-Amer.
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

Mercury Production by ORSON WELLES
Native Son
A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St. LAc. 4-4664
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sun., Wed. & Sat. No Mon. Perfs

"The best new American play of the season"
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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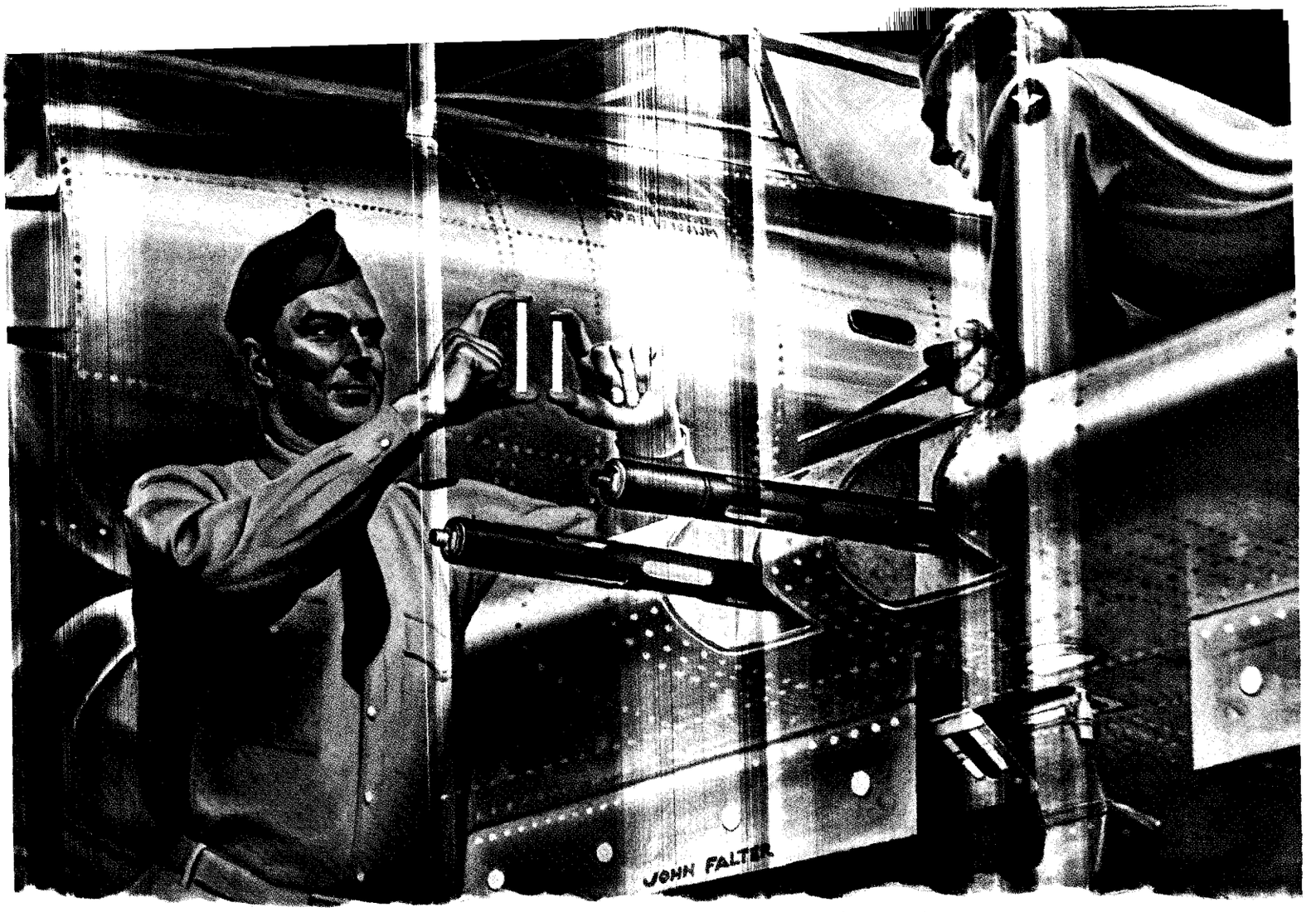
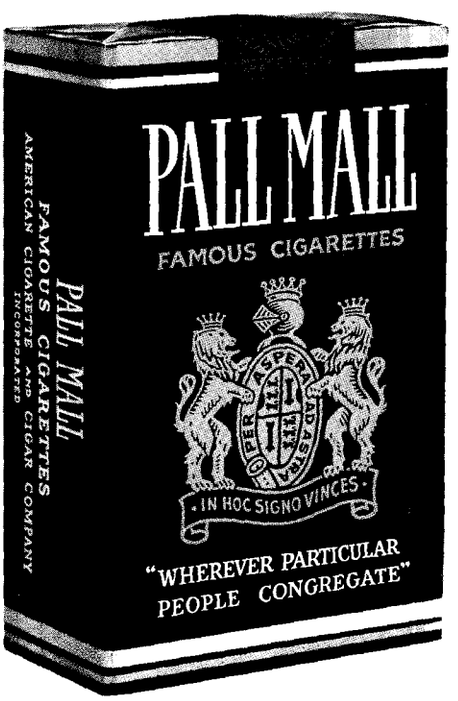


In cigarettes, as in dive bombers, it's modern design that counts!

"Right, partner_ modern design means a cooler milder cigarette_ Pall Mall"



● Modern design has made a vast difference in dive bombers—has given these streamlined "eagles" a vital edge in flying efficiency.

And listen to the men who fly them. They'll tell you that modern design is just as important in a cigarette as it is in a dive bomber.

Outstanding example is Pall Mall—greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years.

Pall Mall is modern, streamlined—over 20% longer than old-fashioned cigarettes—deliberately designed for better smoking.

What does this mean to you? Well, for one thing, it means a definitely cooler smoke. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a smoother cigarette . . . a mellower, milder smoke. That's because tobacco is its own true filter. All traces of harshness are softened as each puff is measurably filtered of smoke irritants—over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Result? Pall Mall provides in fact what all other cigarettes claim in theory—a milder, less irritating smoke.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree with the flying men who say: "Right, partner . . . modern design means a cooler, milder cigarette—Pall Mall."

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Today— discover

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

TODAY, THERE AWAITS you a whiskey so magnificent that we had to give it a special designation: *The 1941 Bottling of Four Roses.*

From the time the whiskies that go into this Four Roses were laid down, five years ago and longer, we've been pretty certain they would be exceptionally fine. For into their making had gone extraordinary care . . . and to their aging we applied added knowledge, added skill.

But when we finally opened the barrels, even we were astonished at the surpassing excellence of these whiskies. Right then and there, we knew we had achieved a Four Roses more glorious, more satin-smooth, more flavorful, than any whiskey we had ever made or known, in all our 76 years' experience.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there is a new and thrilling experience in store for you when you taste the 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—*today?*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

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"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times

LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY

EMPIRE Theatre

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

WALT DISNEY'S
FANTASIA
with STOKOWSKI conducting the miracle music of RCA Fantasound
BROADWAY 53 St. & B'way Circle 6-5353

CAPITOL B'WAY and 51st St.
Held Over—2nd Week!
James STEWART • JUDY GARLAND
Hedy LAMARR • Lana TURNER
"ZIEGFELD GIRL"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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!Most Unusual Layouts!
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at their coffee
more often than by it.
MARTINSON'S COFFEE
is the kind
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Uncomfortable Shoes Made Comfortable

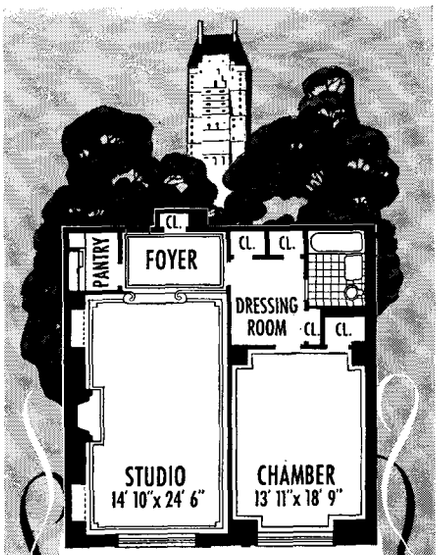
who specialize in Latin-American dance routines and acrobatics. The financial condition of the professors, which is solvent in comparison to that of the performers, musicians, and theatrical agents in the building, is a perpetual source of amusement to Morty Ormont. "The singers are from hunger," he says, "the performers are from hunger, and every day we get saps in the building who pay for lessons so they can be from hunger, too." Parents who believe their children are talented are the staple prey of the professional teachers. Seldom does a Jollity Building elevator make a trip without at least one bosomy and belligerent suburban woman, holding fast to the hand of a little girl whose hair is frizzled into a semblance of Shirley Temple's. Often several of the Shirleys and their mothers find themselves in a car together. The mothers' upper lips curl as they survey the other mothers' patently moronic young. The Shirleys gaze at each other with vacuous hostility and wonder whether their mothers will slap them if they ask to go to the bathroom again. All the Shirleys have bony little knees and bitter mouths and, in Morty's opinion, will undoubtedly grow up to be axe murderesses.—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of three articles on the Jollity Building. The third will appear next week.)

•

HARK THE BUGLERS
ARE CALLING
NATURE LOVERS
$3750—TERMS
Landscaping alone COST THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS
3 blocks from car line and University ave., 20 minutes from Fifth and Broadway.
This attractive setting grips! It thrills! It fascinates! It is here nature silently whispers and, listening, man beholds the wonders God has wrought. Here jackrabbits skip and play, great flocks of alert quail keep their distance. Two patios built of glazed ornamental rock, grounds beautifully terraced, green velvety lawn; provision for rose garden, lily beds and unknown number of flowers of different hues; large fish pond where either trout or goldfish can play with a limited but glorious freedom; lath or fern house; 22 bearing fruit trees, all budded stock. All this and still more encircles this cozy bungalow that is spic and span. Interior looks as if it were built and finished 5 minutes ago. This attractive bungalow overlooks rugged canyons cloaked with evergreen verdure that climbs nature's sloping walls. Bird's-eye view of bay and ocean. If you are tired and weary here you will find rest and seclusion. CALDWELL. Realtor, R-1125. 3347 El Cajon blvd.—*Adv. in the San Diego Tribune-Sun.*

Tell those quail to step up a little closer.



Facing Central Park—2 rooms, 1 bath, dressing room and fully equipped pantry with step-down studio living room, 5 closets. Other apartments—1 to 6 rooms with housekeeping facilities—unfurnished or furnished—immediate or fall occupancy.

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THE THEATRE

WELL, I GIVE UP

WHEN the curtain goes up on William Saroyan's play called "The Beautiful People," at the Lyceum, it discloses a set that might have been executed by Salvador Dali, needing, in fact, only a rubbery watch and a couple of lamb chops. This scene represents, or, more precisely, non-represents, the combined interior and exterior of a decaying house on Red Rock Hill in San Francisco. It is relentlessly playful, rather pretty, and after a while I got awfully sick of looking at it. As far as I am concerned, this comment also applies to the play.

Detailed synopsis, as I have remarked here before, is a lazy and unsporting way of dealing with the drama, but I don't really see how else I can give you the special nutty bouquet of Mr. Saroyan's latest composition. At the beginning, then, Owen Webster, a backward boy of fifteen, is lying on his stomach across a table reading a letter. In a minute or two he gets up, goes to the piano, and plays "Wonderful One," *molto vivace*. Toward the end of this piece, he is joined by an offstage cornet, theoretically being played by a man in New York. This is an interesting effect, and I'm sorry that it is too complicated to explain here. Next, he climbs up on top of the piano and gets a book down from a high shelf. "Just a bunch of words," he says, throwing it away and picking up a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. After tearing three advertisements out of this great organ for reasons not entirely clear to me, he starts reading a story and presently is acting out a love scene with a girl in it called Eleanor. At this point, Miss Harmony Blueblossom, a spinster with a Southern accent, comes drifting in, and we really get going.

Owen, who seems to have unlimited confidence in his own charm, tells this unfortunate woman that he has written a book consisting of the single word "tree," that he has a brother in New York who plays the cornet (perhaps that explains the cornet), that he (Owen) dislikes Longfellow, and finally that the house is full of mice who admire his sister Agnes and often arrange flowers to spell out her name. This last touch is too much for Miss Blueblossom and she leaves. Owen, somewhat exhausted by his own humor, lies down and goes to sleep as the curtain falls.

When the next scene opens we discover the word "Agnes" spelled out on the stage in red, white, and blue flowers and are also permitted to meet the lady herself. Agnes, like her brother, is a rapid and eclectic conversationalist. One of the mice, it seems, is absent, and her theory is that it is either dead or hiding out in the Catholic church. We learn, too, that Agnes has spent the day in the public library reading up on hummingbirds in the Encyclopædia Britannica. They fly backward. After absorbing this dope, she got caught in a revolving door with a man called John and they fell in love. This dizzy flow is finally interrupted by the arrival of her father, a lovable old maniac, who differs from Jeeter Lester principally in that his favorite expression is "By the polestar and pyramid" instead of "By God and by Jesus." There may even be a clue here as to the basic difference between Mr. Saroyan and Erskine Caldwell. Anyway, after some more of the disjointed conversation apparently habitual in the Webster family, Owen goes out to look for the mouse and Agnes slopes off after John, presumably still caught in the door.

Right here I can see that we are never going to get through at this rate, so I'll have to condense Mr. Saroyan's plot rather drastically. In rapid succession, then, you will meet a Mr. Prim, the vice-president of a company which has been paying old man Webster somebody else's pension by mistake (from time to time, Mr. Prim toots on a penny whistle, a souvenir of a cruise he once took to Mexico); a drunkard, quite groundlessly described in my program as "a good companion;" a Catholic priest, who comes in to complain that little Owen has fallen into the pipe organ while chasing the mouse; the brother with the cornet; and a nameless and speechless character whom I rather liked. These people sashay in and out on their peculiar errands, of which the return of Owen with the wrong mouse is probably typical. He is a proud mouse and a bad mixer, says Agnes, all knotted with whimsy, and it was here, I think, that Mr. Gibbs turned to Mrs. Gibbs and mentioned God. All this and more, my friends, went into the play called "The Beautiful People," which I strongly suspect of being largely the bunk.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

LADY DESIRES to reside with dentist who has spare room. Telephone TOpping 2-5789.—*Adv. in Dental Observer.*

If it's eccentricity, Madam, we deplore it. If it's pain, that's another story.

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is at least one consolation for the British in Hitler's Balkan victory. The young man is going east, not west.

•

For some reason, the Führer has not said anything lately about the "haves" and the "have-nots." Could he be preparing to change sides?

•

The question now arises: What can Turkey expect from Soviet Russia if the Nazis attack? Judging by past performances, we may assume that Stalin will send condolences.

•

Italians wonder what loot will come to them as a result of the Greek defeat. Pessimists among them fear that they will get what they deserve.

•

Lindbergh's defeatist attitude has aroused antagonism in many quarters. The Colonel was more popular when he was in the air instead of on it.

•

It seems that the presence of a large Nazi force in Africa came as a complete surprise to the British. They thought those fellows were Italians, who never do anybody any harm.

•

At this writing, heroic efforts are being made to settle the soft-coal strike. That "cooling-off period" everybody talks about should not apply to the customers.

•

The demise of the Boston *Transcript* was a shock to us all. It makes one tremble for the future of the bean and the cod.

•

Governor O'Daniel has appointed Andrew Jackson Houston, eighty-seven-year-old son of the Texas patriot, to the United States Senate. We are all glad to see Sam's boy making good.

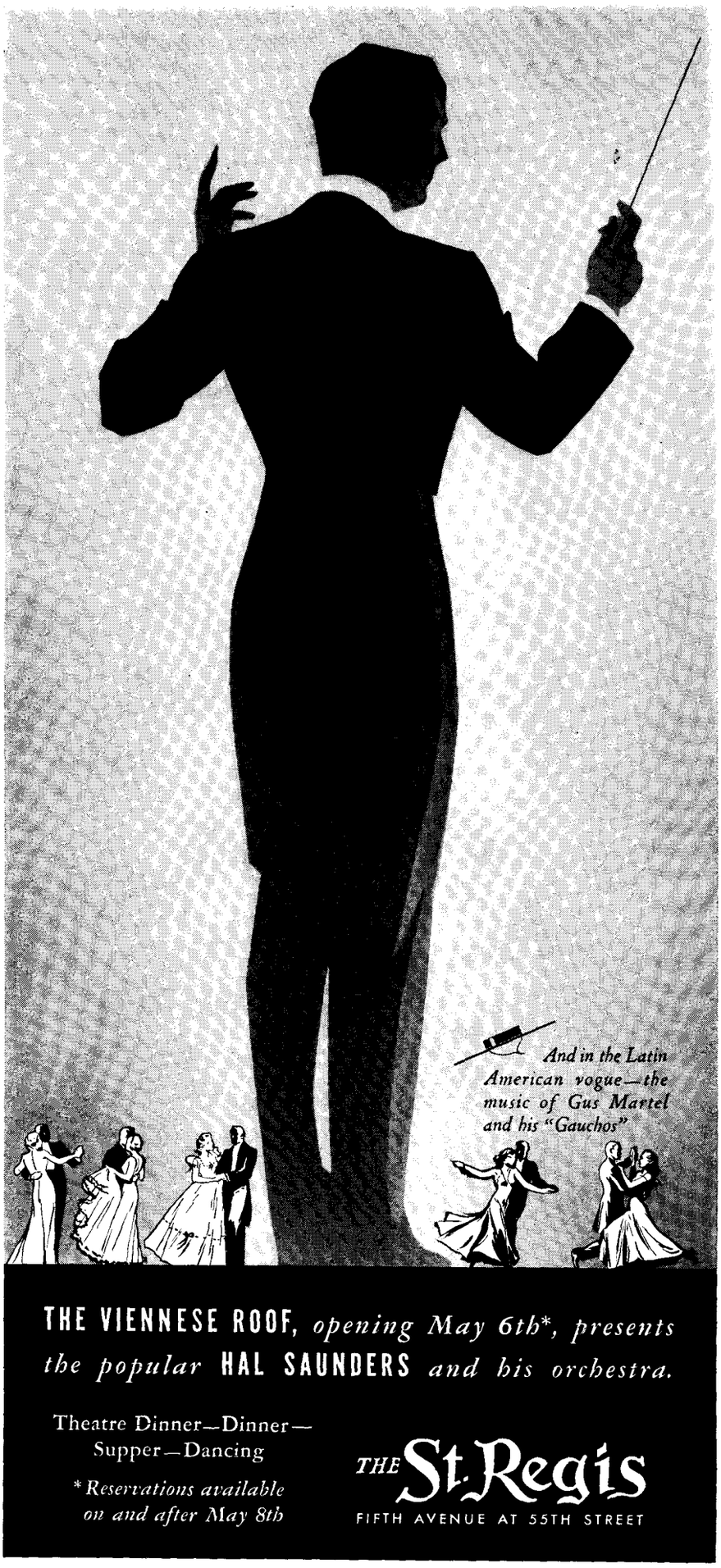
•

Ten Southern states have asked the Supreme Court not to interfere with their race-segregation laws. Let us have no affront to the good name of Jim Crow.

•

The New York public demands that the city and the subway workers compose their differences. Two million passengers do not wish to take long walks in the lovely June air.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER


And in the Latin American vogue—the music of Gus Martel and his "Gauchos"
THE VIENNESE ROOF, opening May 6th*, presents the popular HAL SAUNDERS and his orchestra.
Theatre Dinner—Dinner—Supper—Dancing
* Reservations available on and after May 8th
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

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OF AUTHORS AND MEN

ANY you people got a pipe and a dog, and want a book, I got a pretty good proposition for you. A perfectly new, unread copy of John Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" in the Modern Library edition is waiting for the first enterprising booklover who will come around and take it from in front of my house. Just be sure to get there before the men come to empty the cans.

When I say that my Modern Library copy of "Tortilla Flat" is unread, I do not mean to imply that I have never read "Tortilla Flat." When it was first published, I got it out of Womrath's and read it. Then I bought a copy for myself. Whenever I found anybody who hadn't read it, I'd smile wisely and say, "Well! You don't know what you've been missing." Then I'd lend him my copy. Honestly, I talked about "Tortilla Flat" the way William Saroyan talks about his favorite Armenian author. Hostesses at cocktail parties used to point at me and murmur to the other guests, "Now, for heaven's sake, *don't* get him started off on 'Tortilla Flat.'"

In those days I would have called it ideal escape literature. This means, if any of you are taking notes, that I could enjoy it without feeling as if I were in church. It was about the lovable peasants of Tortilla Flat, the Mexican quarter of Monterey, in California. Each of the chapters was concerned with some rollicking adventure of five *paisanos* named Danny, Pablo, Pilon, Big Joe, and the Pirate. The adventures involved stealing one another's pants to buy wine, digging for buried treasure, and the like. It had chapter headings like "How Danny's Friends sought mystic treasure on St. Andrew's Eve. How Pilon found it and later how a pair of serge pants changed ownership twice" and "How Danny's Friends threw themselves to the aid of a distressed lady." This is a fair sample of the style: "Big Joe abhorred the whole principle of shoveling. The line of the moving shovel was unattractive. The end to be gained, that of taking dirt from one place and putting it in another, was, to one who held the larger vision, silly and gainless. Big Joe's reaction was a little more simple than this. He didn't like to shovel." In a word, "Tortilla Flat" was, I thought, ideal bathtub reading.

WELL, a year or so ago I lent my copy to somebody who forgot to bring it back. I fluffed along somehow until last week, when I saw the Modern Library edition in a bookstore and snapped it up. Late the same evening I poured myself a drink, pulled a big armchair up to the fireplace, and sat down with "Tortilla Flat," remarking to my wife, with a sly wink, "Well, dear, you'll know where to find *me* for the next couple of hours." That shows how much *I* knew about it. A scant minute after I had opened the volume, I closed it, with a startled and apologetic "Oops!," the way you do when you fling open the door of a bathroom or telephone booth and find somebody glaring out at you.

What I had stumbled upon was a foreword composed by Sunny John Steinbeck especially for the lucky readers of the Modern Library edition of "Tortilla Flat." It was, as they say, short and to the point. "Had I known that these stories and these people would be considered quaint, I think I never should have written them," he said. "I wrote these stories because they were true stories and because I liked them. But literary slummers have taken these people up with the vulgarity of duchesses who are amused and sorry for a peasantry. These stories are out, and I cannot recall them. But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the *decent* these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness."

It is bad enough to be called a duchess without having also to cope with the problem of why an author who wished to shield his book from the vulgar touch of the *decent* should sanction its reappearance as a Modern Library reprint. Oh, these booksy folk! I don't suppose I ever *shall* understand them. Well, having got his readers into a fine state of confusion, Mr. Steinbeck delivers the intellectual *coup de grâce* in these words: "I remember a little boy, a school friend. . . . He had no mother or father —only an elder sister whom we loved and admired. We called her, with a great deal of respect, a hoor-lady. She had the reddest cheeks in town, and she made tomato sandwiches for us sometimes. Now in the little house where the *piojo* and his sister the hoor-lady lived, the faucet at the sink was broken off. A wooden plug had been pounded into the pipe to keep it from leaking. The water for cooking and drinking was drawn from the toilet. . . . When the water was low, you simply flushed the toilet and there was a new supply. No one was allowed to use this toilet as a toilet. . . . Perhaps this is shocking. It doesn't seem so to me. Perhaps it is quaint—God help it."

AMEN. God help us all. Now, if Mr. Steinbeck will bear with me, I want to tell about something I remember from when *I* was a little boy. I went to the Mason Grammar School, in Newton Center, Mass. In the eighth grade were a number of big, mentally retarded boys who remained there year after year, slowly gathering strength for the hazardous leap from grammar school to high school. This gave them absolutely no sense of inferiority, and the smaller, more conformable boys no sense of superiority. The grimmer big boys used to beat up their small classmates, but the more jovial ones were content with an ingenious form of mental torture they had devised.

"Hey, Stupid, where yuh goin'?" one of them would cry, pouncing on some bespectacled little boy who would be trying to sneak home unnoticed after school.

"Home."

"Home, huh? Nah, yuh ain't goin' home until you can tell me what color dis sweater is." Needless to say, it was always a red sweater—a heavy red sweater that buttoned up the front, with a big collar.

"It's a red sweater," the victim would say, with a feeble grin.

"Red, huh? Listen, Stupid, *I* say it's green. *Now* what color is it?"

"Green."

"*Green*, huh?" The big boy would then yell to one of the other big boys, "Hey, Micky, what color is my sweater, huh?"

"Red," the other big boy would say, sauntering over to see the fun.

"Red, huh? Well, Stupid here says it's green. You want to fight him?" Mercifully, the big boys usually had to hurry off to the baseball diamond while the daylight lasted, or I suppose all the

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little boys in the Mason School would have lost their sanity.

Every night since the time I thoughtlessly plunged into Mr. Steinbeck's foreword to "Tortilla Flat," I have had a recurrent nightmare. I dream that I am emerging from the boys' entrance of the Mason School, with my geography book and my Sixth Reader under my arm. Spike Steinbeck and Ernie Hemingway are loitering outside, idly spitting through their teeth.

"Hey, Stupid," Spike Steinbeck cries, seizing my arm and twisting it, "where yuh goin'?"

"Home."

"Nah, yuh ain't. Yuh ain't goin' home until you tell me what kind of a book dis is." He holds up a copy of "Tortilla Flat."

"It's a nice, quaint, amusing book," I say.

"Oh, it's quaint, huh? Well, *I* say it's a sociological document, like 'War and Peace.'"

"Well, then, it's a sociological document, like 'War and Peace.'"

"Hey, Ernie, dis dumb bunny t'inks 'Tortilla Flat' is a sociological document, like 'War and Peace.'"

"Ah, duh hell wit' *him*. Let's go down to the Authors League."

It's a very vivid nightmare, and it's taking a lot out of me. Catch *me* ever buying another book! I'm getting out from under before Simon & Schuster start putting out pop-up books that spit in your eye. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

For bites she assertedly received at the hands of a neighbor's dog, 3-year-old Betty W—— yesterday went to court to press a suit for $5000 damages.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Suing the hand that bit her, eh?

•

He and Miss Cushing were married in Brookline June 4, 1930, two days before he graduated from Harvard. He entered the insurance business and the couple were long prominent in Boston society, even after his father became President in 1933. —*Boston Post.*

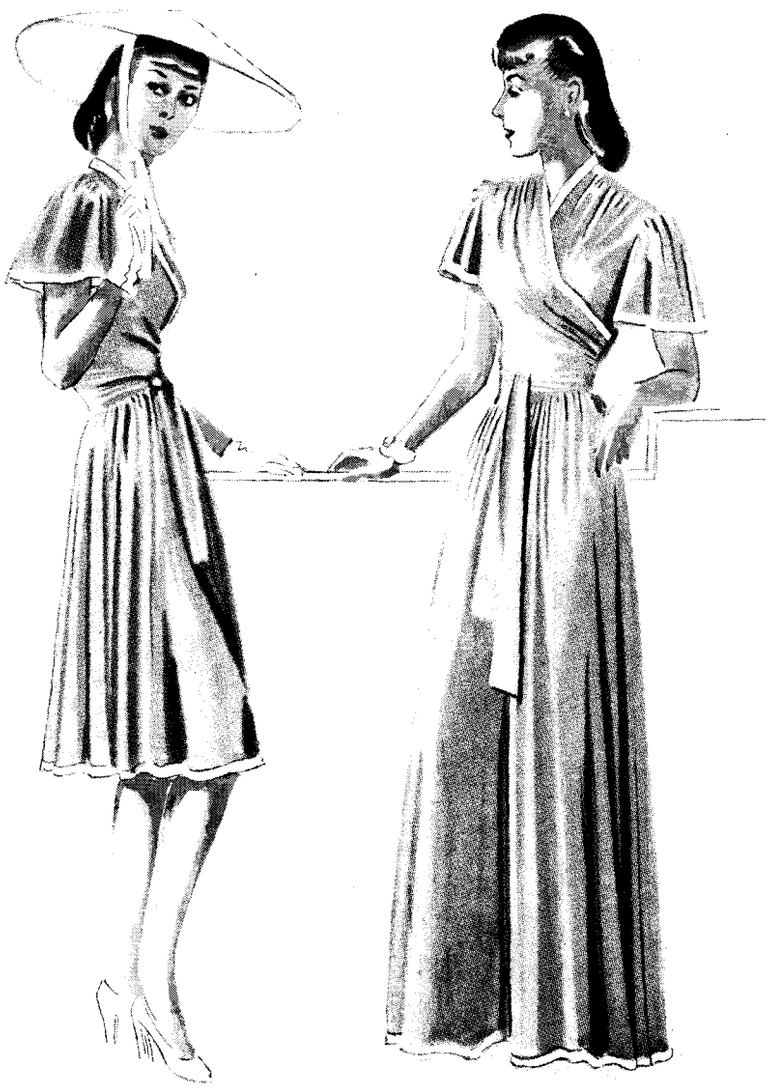
Broad-minded, these Bostonians.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Rochester Ad Club's publication, The Bumblebee*]

Twice sentenced to death by the Nazi conquerors of his nation, Mayor Broch escaped his captors, scaled a mountain range or two (with the aid of a trusty Lapp guide), then crossed Siberia and the Pacific to bring his story to Rochester Ad Clubbers.



West Coast Coolies

in Celanese☆ rayon jersey

Newest trick from California—sleek slithery Celanese☆ Rayon Jersanese☆ used for surplice-neck, lotus-sleeve "coolies." Misses' sizes. *Left*, piped shirt, 5.95 Piped skirt, 8.95 Porcelain blue, red, navy, white. *Right*, housecoat or pajama, 17.95 Porcelain blue, lacquer red, ming yellow.

Bonwit Teller New York and White Plains

☆Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MR. COLBORNE'S PROFANITY-EXTERMINATORS

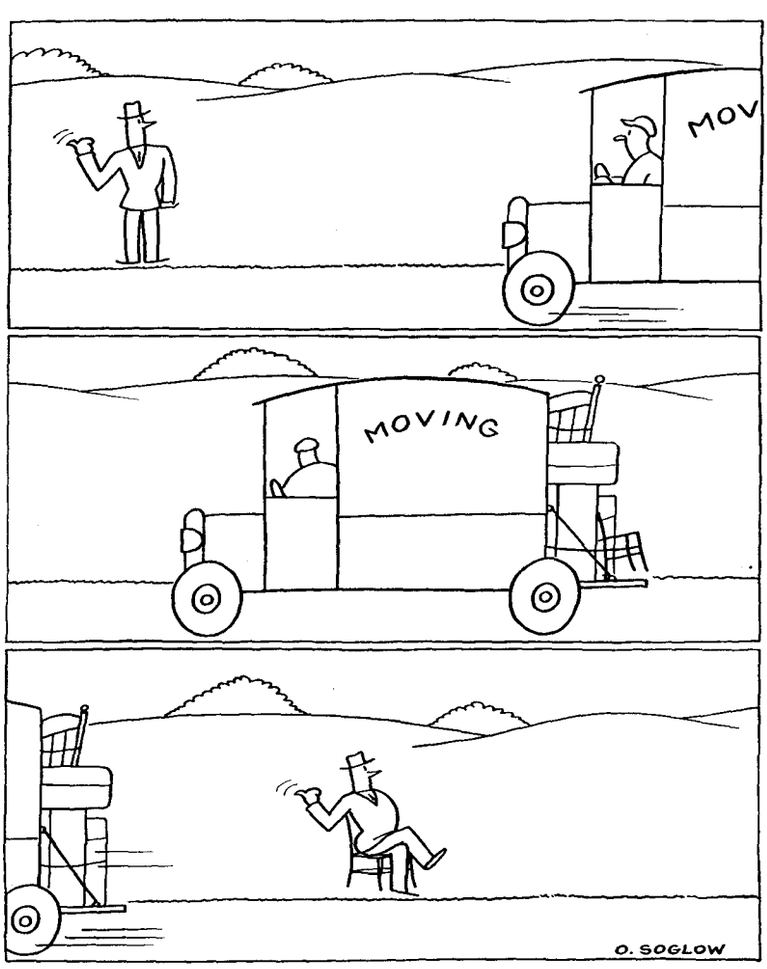
ONE drizzly afternoon recently I dropped into Shannon's, a tranquil Irish saloon on the southeast corner of Third Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street, and ordered a split of Guinness. "Fine pneumonia weather we're having," the bartender remarked. "Yes," I said, "it's a hell of a day." A portly old man standing a few feet up the bar gave a grunt, abruptly put down his beer glass, turned to me, and said, "My boy, a profane word never yet had any effect on the weather." The remark irritated me. I was in extremely low spirits; my shoes had been sopping wet all day and I felt certain that I was going to catch a cold and die. However, I nodded perfunctorily and said, "I guess that's right, Mister." "Oh, don't apologize," the old man said. Then he dug into a pocket of his coat and pulled out a small, pale-pink card. "Here," he said, "read this and think it over." The card said, "NEW HOPE FOR THE WORLD. GOD BLESS AMERICA AND OUR HOMES. HAVE NO SWEARING. BOYCOTT PROFANITY! PLEASE DO NOT SWEAR, NOR USE OBSCENE OR PROFANE LANGUAGE. THESE CARDS ARE FOR DISTRIBUTION. SEND FOR SOME —THEY ARE FREE. ANTI-PROFANITY LEAGUE. A. S. COLBORNE, PRES. 185 EAST SEVENTY-SIX STREET."

After reading this, I took a good look at the old man. He was over six feet tall and he had a double chin and a large paunch. His cheeks were ruddy and his eyes, behind steel-rimmed glasses, were clear and utterly honest. Instead of a vest, he wore a brown sweater. In the knot of his polka-dot tie there was a horseshoe stickpin. Three pencils and a fountain pen were clipped to his breast pocket. He had placed his hat on the bar, bottom up, to dry off. He had a white mustache and a fine head of white hair, several locks of which had been brushed down across his forehead, old bartender style. He looked, in fact, like a dignified, opinionated, old-fashioned bartender on his day off. I have always had a high regard for that kind of man, and I said, "If I offended you, sir, I'm sorry, only what makes you think 'hell' is a profane word?"

"Well, I tell you," he said gravely, "it might not be one-hundred-per-cent profanity, but it's a leader-on. You start out with 'hell,' 'devil take it,' 'Dad burn it,' 'Gee whizz,' and the like of that, and by and by you won't be able to open your trap without letting loose an awful, awful, blasphemous oath. It's like the cocaine dope habit. I know. I talked real rough myself when I was a young squirt, but I had the mother wit to quit. I haven't uttered a solitary profane word since a Sunday morning in the winter of 1886. I was running to catch a ferryboat and I got left, and I let an oath out of me so awful I broke down and cried like a baby."

I was about to ask what the oath was, but thought better of it. Instead I said, "You remind me a lot of a man who used to work behind the bar at the Murray Hill Hotel. Are you a bartender?"

The old man did not answer me. He picked up his glass and finished his beer. Then, after a resounding smack of the lips, he said, "Profanity! Blasphemy! Evil tongues a-wagging and a-wagging! That's why the world is headed for wrack and ruin! Let me introduce myself. Name is Arthur Samuel Colborne. I'm the founder and head of the Anti-Profanity League. Founded 1901. An international organization. If the truth was known, I'm also the founder of the Safe and Sane Fourth of July movement. Founded 1908. On the Fourth I used to stand on the steps of City Hall and read the Declaration of Independence to all that would listen. People called me a crank, but I told them I wasn't crank enough to spend good money on firecrackers. Others took up the Safe and Sane, and I kept plugging away with the Anti-Profanity. I've spent the better part of forty years cleaning up profanity conditions. I and my members have passed out six million cards like the one I handed you. We call them profanity-exterminators. Six million. Think of it! I'm past seventy, but I'm a go-getter, fighting the evil on all fronts. Keeps me busy. I'm just after seeing a high official at City Hall. There's some Broadway plays so profane it's a wonder to me the tongues of the actors don't wither up and come loose at the roots and drop to the ground, and I beseeched this high official to take action. Said he'd do what he could. Probably won't do a single, solitary thing. I wanted to have a chat with the Mayor, but they told me he'd just stepped out. That's what they always say. The Mayor's a pompish little feller, as strutty as a duck. I've heard that he gets so profane when he loses his temper it's enough to make your head swim. You think that's true?"



"It wouldn't surprise me a bit," I said.

Mr. Colborne pursed his lips and sadly shook his head from side to

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side. "He ought to be ashamed of hisself," he said.

The bartender had poured my stout. I asked Mr. Colborne to have a drink with me. He drew out a thick gold watch, glanced at it, and said, "Much obliged, but I seldom take more than two, and I've had that. Nothing wrong in beer. Good for your nerves. I'd have another, but I want to get home in time for a radio program. Hillbilly singing. I'm a great believer in it. Very wholesome. I'm also a great believer in opera music, Hawaiian music, Kate Smith, and Charlie McCarthy. Here a while back, this Bergen feller had Charlie saying 'Doggone this' and 'Doggone that' on the radio, and I wrote him and attached an exterminator to the letter. 'Think it over, Mr. Bergen,' I said. Got a speedy reply. 'Won't happen again,' he said."

"Is 'doggone' a leader-on?" I asked.

"I'll say it is! One of the hardest to eradicate! Look here, my boy, I'd like to give you some exterminators to pass out to your friends, keep the ball rolling, but I'm cleaned out. Put a handful in my pocket this morning, but I gave some out on the subway, and I slipped a few into some cars that were parked in front of City Hall, including the Mayor's car, and I left a couple with the Mayor's secretary, and the one I handed you was the last of the lot. Drop into my headquarters sometime and I'll give you a supply. My address is printed on the exterminator."

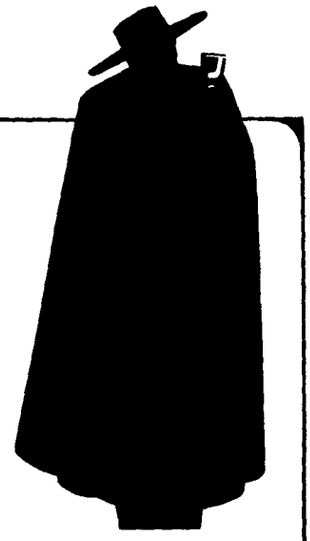
"Thanks very much," I said.

He waved his hand deprecatingly. "Don't mention it," he said.

He put on his hat, paid for his beers, shook hands with me, and nodded to the bartender. Halfway to the door, he turned and came back to the bar. "Interesting case out in Chicago here a while back," he said to me. "Two big German butchers had been working at the same block in a slaughterhouse for eighteen years. One morning one butcher took up his cleaver and split the other butcher's head. Police asked him why he did it, and he said, 'I just couldn't stand his profanity any longer!'" I laughed, and Mr. Colborne gave an indignant snort. "Look here, my boy," he said, frowning at me, "first-degree murder's not a laughing matter. If you look at it the right way, there's a good lesson in that case. Think it over!" Then he left.

"Was the old gentleman kidding me?" I asked the bartender, who had been listening.

"Oh, no," the bartender said. "He's a big reformer. He's well known in the



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Whatever the occasion, let this renowned symbol lead you to a pleasure you and your friends will long remember . . . the choicest Ports from Portugal and Sherries from Spain . . . treasures of the Sandeman Cellars.

SANDEMAN "BROWN BANG" SHERRY
If you like a cream sherry you will call "Brown Bang" *perfect*. A rich, golden Oloroso . . . delightful at all times . . . at its best when chilled. Very reasonably priced.
SANDEMAN "PARTNERS" PORT
A unique ruby port produced especially for the Sandeman partners and other connoisseurs. Especially delicious in the afternoon . . . or when sipped after a hearty meal, as a liqueur.
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neighborhood. His headquarters are up the street half a block."

MAINLY because he was the first beer-drinking reformer I had ever encountered, I resolved to visit Mr. Colborne. Several afternoons later I did. The address printed on the exterminator he had given me turned out to be an old, red-brick apartment house, on the front of which, just left of the stoop, was nailed a foot-square tin sign reading, "HEADQUARTERS ANTI-PROFANITY LEAGUE. CARDS THAT READ DO NOT SWEAR CAN BE HAD FREE." A woman with a poodle in her arms was standing on the stoop. She watched me read the sign, and when I walked up the steps she said, "If you're looking for the don't-swear man, he lives down in the basement." I rang the basement bell and Mr. Colborne let me in. Over his suit he had on a black, full-length apron, the kind printers wear. He held a frying pan in his left hand and a dish towel in his right. "Come in and make yourself at home," he said. "Take a seat, and I'll be with you soon as I finish washing up in the kitchen. This room here is the headquarters of the League. I sleep and eat in a couple of rooms in back. I'm a bachelor and I get my own meals. I'm a bit set in my ways, and I prefer the grub I cook for myself to the highest-class restaurant there is. Cleaner. While you're waiting, look at my scrapbook. You'll find it somewhere in that mess of papers on my desk."

He went back to his kitchen and I took a look around the room. It was a long, narrow, low-ceilinged room. There were two windows, but not much light came through them. Both were shut, and there was a kitchen smell in the air. The floor was covered with linoleum. Running just below the ceiling were a couple of asbestos-sheathed steam-heat pipes. On the mantel stood a highly colored plaster statue of St. Michael trampling the Devil. The statue was wrapped in cellophane, doubtless to keep off dust. Along one wall were two tables and a small iron safe. There was a typewriter on one table, and on the other were a radio and a tall vase of artificial roses; dust was thick on the red petals of the roses. Two walls were hung with oil paintings from baseboard to ceiling. At least half were religious, many of them portraits of saints and of the Virgin; other subjects included a windmill in the moonlight, a mother sewing beside a cradle, a thatched cottage, and a Jersey cow standing belly-deep in a lush meadow. All were in gilded frames.

On Mr. Colborne's flat-topped desk were a coffee cup half filled with foreign stamps clipped from envelopes, a begonia plant and a geranium plant in little red pots, an alarm clock, and a great pile of correspondence, books, and religious magazines. There were also five neat stacks of exterminators. I found the scrapbook he had mentioned under some copies of a monthly magazine called the *Holy Name Journal*. Pasted in the scrapbook were scores of letters from publishers, politicians, actors, public officials, and moving-picture and radio-station executives, either replying to Mr. Colborne's complaints about "profanity conditions" or thanking him for sending them exterminators. Most of the letters were evasive, but all were extremely respectful. One, from William Randolph Hearst's secretary, said, "On behalf of Mr. Hearst, I want to thank you for the little cards you sent to him. It was very kind of you. They arrived after Mr. Hearst left town, and therefore it was impossible to give them to him." I was about half through the book when Mr. Colborne returned, still wearing his black apron. He sat down, clasped his hands over his paunch, and yawned.

"I'm sort of sleepy," he said. "Sat up late last night studying over saloon profanity. Why, the women are five times worse than the men. I've got a notion to revive the warnings I used to put up in saloons back before prohibition. In those days the liquor-dealing element coöperated with me. In 1916 I had posters tacked up in four thousand premises, bar and back room. I'll show you one." He ransacked a desk drawer and brought out a cardboard poster which said, "IN THE INTEREST OF CLEAN SPEECH AND COMMON DECENCY, PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THE OBJECTIONABLE USE OF PROFANE AND OBSCENE LANGUAGE AND EXPECTORATING IN PUBLIC PLACES. WOULD YOU USE SUCH LANGUAGE IN YOUR OWN HOME? RESPECT YOUR FELLOW MAN. ANTI-PROFANITY LEAGUE."

"Those warnings did a world of good," Mr. Colborne said. "They just about put a stop to saloon profanity, and then along came prohibition and tore down all my work. Looking at it from an anti-profanity standpoint, prohibition was an awful nuisance. Nowadays saloons don't even look like saloons, and I'm not sure they'll let me hang posters in them. In the old days saloonkeepers were generous friends of the League. They used to call me the Professor. Practically every place I put up posters, the boss would insist on making a contribution. I held them in high esteem. So much so that when Mayor Jimmy Walker, a fine man, was organizing his great beer parade up Fifth Avenue in May, 1932, I went to my most active members and I said, 'The liquor-dealing element was always nice to us, and now we should hit a lick for them. Let's have a delegation from the League in the beer parade.' The idea caught on, and during the morning of the parade we rounded up five hundred head of people and a brass band. That afternoon we marched right behind the Tammany Hall delegation. We carried tin growlers and shouted, 'We want beer!,' 'Down with profanity!,' 'Beer for taxation!,' 'Boycott profanity!,' and the like of that, and had a most enjoyable time."

Mr. Colborne was interrupted by the doorbell. He grunted and got up and opened the door. A thin, elderly woman came in. "I already passed out the exterminators you gave me last month," she said, with obvious pride. "You better let me have about two hundred this time." "Oh, my!" said Mr. Colborne. "That's good work. Keep at it, and one of these days you'll have the Bronx all cleaned up." He handed the woman a supply of cards held together with a rubber band and she dropped them in her handbag. "Mr. Colborne," she said, "do you think there's been an improvement over last year?" Mr. Colborne stood quite still for a few moments, deep in thought. "I've noticed a decline in street swearing," he said finally, "but there's an awful lot of work still to be done." "You never spoke a truer word," the woman said. "You know, it's disgusting to me the way the city's tearing down the elevated lines. There was always less swearing on the 'L's than on the dirty old subways. A lot less obscenity, too, if you ask me. It just means we'll have to redouble our efforts." "That's the spirit!" Mr. Colborne exclaimed. "We'll have to keep plugging away. Isn't that right?" The woman smacked her palms together. "That's right, Mr. Colborne!" she said emphatically. Then she left.

"She's a widow woman from the Bronx and one of our most active workers," Mr. Colborne said. "Look here, my boy, would you be interested in hearing how I came to start this work?"

I said that I would.

"WELL, now," he said, "the history of the League and the story of my life are all wrapped up together, so I'll begin at the beginning, as the fellow said. I'm English-Irish by descent, born down on Avenue A and Fourteenth Street. I'm a Roman Catholic by religion, although some think I'm

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A NEW WORLD OF HAPPY DRIVING opens up when you take the wheel of one of these beautiful new Plymouth "Sportsmen." You'll find a smart car...a *big* car...yet *low-priced!*

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase—longest of All 3" low-priced cars—gives you extra room and riding comfort. And you enjoy new performance—the most power per pound of car weight of "All 3." You do less gear-shifting.

The handsome new Plymouth Station Wagon (above) is built on the Special De Luxe Plymouth chassis. It is a remarkably roomy and smooth-riding car, and is available with either 2-tone or natural finish. Auxiliary seats are quickly removable and interchangeable.

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THE BIG, NEW PLYMOUTH SPECIAL DE LUXE 4-Passenger Coupe (below, left) is a car of great distinction—beautifully tailored and fitted. Auxiliary seats fold out of the way when not in use.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE COUPE (below) has Plymouth's famous power-operated top...red leather seat cushions...room for five inside. White sidewall tires are standard equipment.

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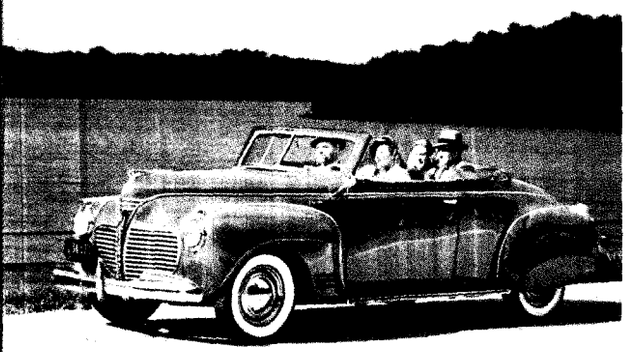

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"Imagine my being able to make you beautiful"

My lovely milk is now being used in a thrilling new cleansing cream

At last they've done it!—Now I give my loveliest milk to make an exquisite new skin-cleansing *preparation*—MILKMAID Cleansing Milk! Just imagine being able to use sweet milk, all the time, to keep your skin soft! For years—or is it centuries?—they've tried to imprison the beauty-virtues of milk in a cleansing cream. And now it's done, at last—yes, it stays *fresh* and *sweet,* indefinitely.

Smoothe this fragrant Cleansing Milk, *containing 80% pure, pasteurized milk,* on your throat, on your face. Then, when you've sponged it off (a little sponge comes with the package) you dash cold water on your face—and what a wonderful little miracle of cleansing has occurred! See if your skin doesn't feel deliciously awakened, petal-smooth. Make this exciting discovery. Milkmaid Cleansing Milk is entirely *unlike* any cleansing cream you ever used. It really *cleans*—it is not *greasy* or *messy*—it has a gentle *firming* action. All in all, it's so much more satisfying than other cleansing methods that you'll really be sorry if you don't adopt it right away.

If your face isn't CLEAN, what good are make-up preparations?

1. *Smooth It On* as you would any cleansing cream. How *cool,* and refreshing it feels! How sweet it smells—like a field of sweet clover.

2. *Wash Off When Dry* with the little sponge, or your own washcloth, using plenty of water. Look in the *mirror.* Did your face ever look so miraculously clean and radiant?

3. *Now Look At the Sponge!* See the proof of Milkmaid's gentle, *complete cleansing. Remember* that the best beauty treatment is a really thorough cleaning!

4. *Splash Your Face* with plenty of cold water. Now go right ahead with your regular beauty routine, and make-up.

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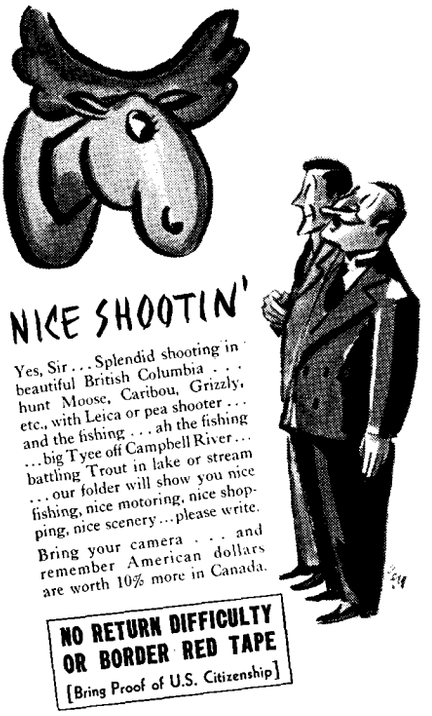
hooked up with the Salvation Army. Not that the Army isn't a fine thing. Some of those Salvation fellers are wonderful for passing out exterminators. By trade, I'm a picture-restorer, frame-maker, and gilder, the third generation in that line. I own a set of gilder's tools and a toolbox that was used by my grandfather and my father. I'm also a painter—not house but oil. I painted most of the pictures you see on the walls of this room. I went to work in the picture line when I was fresh out of knee britches and became a fine craftsman. Look at my hands, the hands of a man that knows his trade. In 1890, I took my savings and went over to Brooklyn and opened me up a store of my own, the Paris Art Gallery, occupying an entire four-floor building at Broadway and Gates Avenue. Pictures, frames, gilding, and bric-a-brac. Did a big business.

"The Paris was the number-one thing in my life until on or about the middle of October, 1901, when I heard a sermon concerning the profanity evil that shook me up to such an extent I determined to go out in the highways and byways and do something about it. And I did, let me tell you! At first I would just step up to profane persons and reason with them, telling them that swearing was vile and vicious, out of place, uncalled for, and a snare and a delusion, signifying nothing. I would say, 'Your dear old mother never taught you to talk like that. Think it over!' Or I'd say, 'If you haven't got self-respect, please have some respect for the general public. Think it over!' Or I'd say, 'Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, a grown man a-carrying on like that? Think it over!' But in those days I was a little bashful about talking to strangers, and one day the idea came to me: Why not let the printed word do the job? So I had a few thousand cards printed up requesting people to control their tongues. To make it look official, I had the printer put Anti-Profanity League down at the bottom.

"Then, when I had any spare time, I'd stuff my pockets full of cards and go out in search of profanity conditions. Like I would attend meetings in the union halls of the teamsters. They used to be bad for swearing, but not as bad as the truck-drivers of today. A teamster would just swear at his poor old nag, but a truck-driver will swear at anything, man or beast, quick or dead, going or coming. And when I saw a building in construction, I'd drop around at noon and ask the foreman for permission to address the bricklayers and hod-carriers. They would be squatting around eating their dinner out of buckets and I would give them a little oration. Some would laugh, but some would take heed. My, the fun we had! And I'd go to baseball parks and pass cards out right and left. Baseball is an incubator of profanity. And I'd go to prisons, to the Navy Yard district, to pool parlors, to saloons where longshoremen and the rowdy element hung out. Everywhere I went, subway, elevated, or streetcar, I passed out cards. Nobody rebuked me. In fact, in forty years of cleaning up profanity nobody has ever got their back up with me. Instead, they apologize. That's how I enrolled my first members. A man would say, 'You're dead right, Mister. What a fool a man is to swear!' Then I'd catch him up. I'd look him right in the eye and say, 'If you feel that way, my boy, take a few hundred cards and pass them out yourself.' Presently I had around three hundred and fifty card-passing members in the city. For some reason the city membership stays around that figure. Old ones drop out, new ones come in. Internationally, I just don't know how many members we have. It must run into the thousands. I don't burden myself down with a lot of records."

I lit a cigarette, and Mr. Colborne sniffed the smoke wistfully.

"Used to be a great cigar-smoker, but the doctors made me cut it out," he said. "Nothing like a good cigar! Well, as I told you, my store in Brooklyn did a big business, but in 1905, after I had operated it for fifteen years, I lost interest. It was taking up too much of my time. I had saved up some money and I had no dependents. All my family is dead. Far's I know, I'm the last of the Colbornes. So I closed the store and retired from business. Friends tried to stop me, but I told them I didn't want to do anything but fight profanity. I became a world traveller. In fact, between 1905 and 1936, I crossed the ocean twenty-five times. Went to all the important cities of Europe, passing out exterminators and talking. On shipboard you can really talk to people. They can't get away. I had exterminators printed up in French, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew. Here and there I'd meet a go-getter, and I'd prevail on him to establish a branch of the League in his home country. At present there's branches in Italy, Cuba, Australia, and Kingston, Jamaica. I always had great success in Rome. Pope Pius X and Pope Pius XI both wrote me letters, blessing my work. I wouldn't take a mint of money for those letters. I keep them locked up in my safe. In Rome, in 1926,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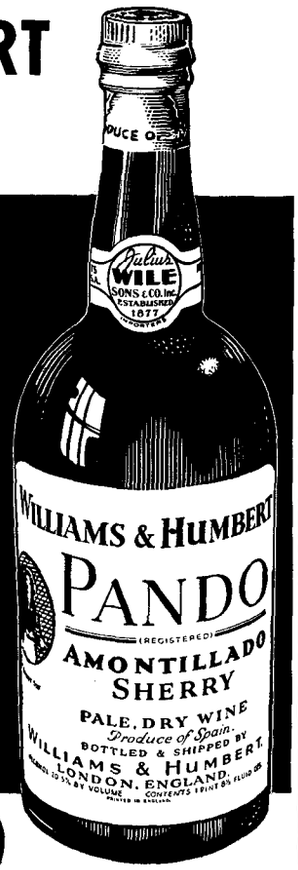

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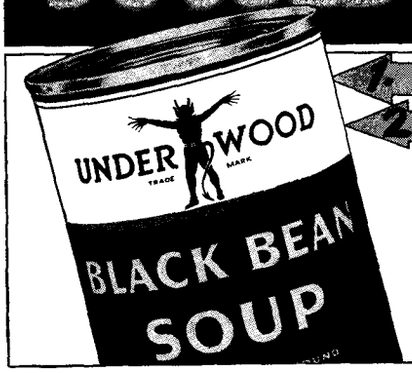

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I sent a note to King Victor Emmanuel on a League letterhead. I told him I represented a multitude of right-thinking Americans, and we had a chat that lasted all morning. I got him so stirred up he talked the matter over with old Mussolini, and next year the two of them passed drastic laws against profanity. They posted warnings everywhere, even in streetcars, and arrested hundreds. I figure I'm personally responsible for ridding Italy of the profanity evil."

"Did the money you saved between 1890 and 1905 keep you going all these years?" I asked.

"Oh, that money ran out a generation ago," Mr. Colborne said. "I live very economic, and I return to my trade when I run low. I restore paintings in big churches, including St. Patrick's Cathedral. Off and on, I do special frame-making and gilding jobs. Sometimes I'll keep a job for years. Between 1918 and 1926, I worked for the Hippodrome Theatre, repairing everything that got out of whack. Profanity conditions among those show people were past belief when I went to work for the Hippodrome, but I cleaned things up, let me tell you. When I was travelling all over the world, it didn't cost me much. I used to make most of my expenses guiding Americans. I know the big cities of Europe as well as I know this basement. I've guided many a party to the miraculous grotto in Lourdes, to Rome, and to the Holy Land. Anyhow, it doesn't take much to keep the League going. I can get a hundred thousand exterminators printed for fifty dollars. It's the postage that amounts up. I daresay there's hardly a country on earth I don't hear from in the course of a year. I have to do a lot of pecking away on my typewriter to answer all my mail."

Mr. Colborne suddenly chuckled and slapped his knee.

"I sure got upset here the other day," he said. "I had written a whole lot of letters and I went out to mail them. On the way I stopped at a grocery for a box of eggs, and I got to talking to the clerk about profanity. After a while I left the grocery, and I was crossing the street when I heard a cabdriver a-cussing at a truck-driver. I got out an exterminator and started over to the cabdriver, and just then the lights changed and he drove off, still a-cussing. He drove right past me and splashed some muddy water on my britches. It was very provoking! And when I got back to my door I found I had forgot to mail my letters, and when I looked in my pocket for my keys I re-

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membered I had left them on my desk. Well, I got so vexed I stomped my foot on the floor and the eggs fell down and broke all to pieces, and then I came right out and said it!"

Mr. Colborne slapped his knee again.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I said, 'The dickens!' "

We both laughed. While we were laughing, the alarm clock on the desk began to ring.

"That's to remind me to turn on the radio," Mr. Colborne said. "There's a program due I don't want to miss. Hillbilly singing. Very wholesome."

I GOT up to go. Mr. Colborne counted out twenty-five exterminators and insisted that I take them and pass them out.

"I'm afraid that's too many," I said.

"Oh, you'll use them up in no time," he said.

At the door I asked him if he believed that there is less profanity now than in 1901, when he began his work.

"Oh, my goodness, yes!" he said. "Sooner or later we'll have it all eradicated. There was a story in the *Holy Name Journal* that has some bearing on your question. It seems that two big turtles and one little turtle went into a saloon and ordered beers. It began to rain and one big turtle said to the other big turtle, 'We should've brought our umbrellas. How about asking the little turtle to run home and get our umbrellas?' But the little turtle was listening and he said, 'I'll not go get your umbrellas, because when I'm gone you'll drink my beer.' The big turtles promised they wouldn't, so the little turtle started out. Two months later one of the big turtles said to the other, 'If that little turtle doesn't come back soon, I'm going to drink his beer.' And just then, at the end of the bar, a tiny voice said, 'If you do, I won't go get your umbrellas.' "

I laughed, but there must have been a puzzled expression on my face, because Mr. Colborne said, "Don't you get the point?"

"No," I said.

"Slow but sure!" Mr. Colborne said, laughing heartily and giving me a poke in the ribs with an index finger. "Slow but sure!" —JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

A party of 53 Asheville citizens, pins; 59 assorted beads; 4 pieces of 14 automobiles, and under motorcycle escort of Asheville policemen, today will begin a 10-day tour of the State.—*Florida paper.*

Well, it's different.

Something NEW* has been added!

See what's going on that door? Something new has been added —and it's me! And listen—something new has been added to a famous cigarette, too, that makes it even better.

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It's the new Old Gold—enriched with a special imported tobacco, aged for years, and blended for you by the firm with the longest tobacco experience. Get a pack today!

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Same familiar pack, but new Old Golds inside. All the Old Golds your dealer has now are NEW Old Golds.

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MR. WHITTINGTON

WHEN I took the mail out of the box this morning, I saw at once the black words "OPENED BY CENSOR" and the British stamp. The envelope was addressed in a square, firm hand to my husband, and I stood fearfully by while he opened it. Letters from England clutch at the heart these days.

"It's from Mr. Whittington," he said, skimming through it. "They're all right so far. His son's health is good." His son is in the R.A.F. "One unwelcome visitor landed in the garden, but the house was not hit. It ruined the herbaceous border."

"His delphiniums," I said, and we both smiled.

"He is very busy, as he's back on active duty at the Ministry," John said. "He and his wife recently spent a week-end with Major and Mrs. Chatsworth." That meant the Whittingtons had been in Devon.

I looked over John's shoulder and we read together:

Their immediate environs seem quite safe. The house, though old, is built of stone and has thick walls. It is very commodious and is filled with evacuées from London. Mrs. Chatsworth is remarkable and keeps cool and collected under somewhat trying circumstances. The Major looks better and is much more vigorous than he was at Abisko. How long ago that seems! I shall always remember Abisko pleasantly, for it brought me two friendships which I value highly, that of you and your wife and of Major and Mrs. Chatsworth.

"So they really hit it off," said John. "I thought they were going to. The English are a queer people, but magnificent!"

IT was during the latter part of August in 1939 that we had all been at Abisko. John and I had been living in Stockholm and had gone to this resort in Swedish Lapland, a hundred and thirty miles north of the Arctic Circle. It had been recommended to us, before we left the United States, as a fishing resort. A friend of ours had made some phenomenal catches there several years before. We discovered, shortly after our arrival, that subsequent to our friend's visit, Abisko had been made a national preserve and fishing was prohibited.

Mountain-climbing was now the principal diversion, and John and I were not prepared for that strenuous sport. So we sat on the veranda of the *Turiststation*, as the hotel was called, and glowered at Lake Torneträsk, or walked the mile of railroad track to Abisko village. There we purchased chocolate brandy drops and various panaceas promising relief from the *myggor*, or black gnats, which are a great pest in Lapland.

No one except the *myggor* paid much attention to us at the *Turiststation*. The efficient young Swedish women who managed it were polite but busy. They regretted they had no other American guests at present. The mountain-climbers—German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian—clumped up and down the corridors in their heavy, nail-studded shoes. If anybody gave us more than a passing glance, it was to look with incredulity upon our flat-heeled, rubber-soled sneakers.

One morning, John and I were sitting in the sun on the steps of the hotel, watching the daily exodus of the Tartarins. An expedition was starting forth to climb Mount Kebnekaise, the identity of its members nearly concealed beneath hooded windbreakers, dark glasses, knapsacks, rolls of bedding, dangling saucepans, and coils of rope. John and I felt indecently exposed in shorts and slacks.

"They don't really hold their noses as they pass us, but somehow I get that impression," said John, regarding his tennis shoes.

"Perhaps it's this evil-smelling *Trygg*," I suggested, taking a bottle of anti-*myggor* dope out of my pocket and anointing my ankles with the liquid. "We seem to use more of it than other people. I don't think it helps much, either."

Then we saw the boots—a pair of black, neatly polished gentleman's boots—nimbly mounting the steps beside us. We lifted our gaze along nicely pressed dark trousers and a conservative sack coat to a round, pink face, bristling white eyebrows, and a gray fedora. The man was short, we noticed, and scant of breath as he finished the rise and disappeared into the lobby. We waited a few minutes and then went in to investigate.

From the hotel register we learned that the newcomer was J. F. Whittington, Hampstead, London, N. W. 3. "Probably the Lord Mayor," said John, more cheerful than he had been since we found out about the fishing.

A little later, Mr. Whittington settled himself on the front veranda and took out the *Morning Post*. John and I perched on the railing near him. The *myggor* were very active. As Mr. Whittington made futile passes at them, a sheet of the *Post* escaped him and was blown toward us. John caught it and returned it to him.

"*Tack så mycket*," said Mr. Whittington.

"*Var så god*," replied John.

I stepped forward. "The *myggor*, these little gnats, are very bad," I said. "Would you like to try some of this?" and I held out the horrid vial.

"That's most kind of you," said Mr. Whittington, getting hastily to his feet. "Do you too speak English?" he asked John.

"I'm not sure that you would think so," answered my husband. "We're Americans."

"Americans! Really." Mr. Whittington beamed on us. "You're a long way from home."

"Yes," I said, beaming in return. "Sometimes we feel that way, especially lately."

"I have been twice to the United States," Mr. Whittington told us. "I have the greatest respect for Americans. You are a wonderful people."

"We got a good start, you know," said John. "Most of us came from England."

Mr. Whittington bowed. "Would you care to look at the *Post*?" he asked, noting our hungry gaze.

"Thank you," said John. "We feel out of touch with things here. I can't understand why the hotel doesn't have a radio."

"Listening to the wireless might take the guests away from the mountains," said Mr. Whittington. "I am having the *Post* sent to Stockholm by air mail. I shall be happy to share it with you."

"What do you think of the international situation?" I asked. "We have been a good deal worried about it."

"It has some uncertain aspects," said Mr. Whittington, "but I think it extremely unlikely that anything serious will develop. I have just been at Kiruna on behalf of the English interests in Swedish ore. I am well satisfied with the arrangements we have made there. Scandinavia is daily drawing closer to Britain."

John remarked that we had been surprised at the number of Germans we saw in Sweden.

Mr. Whittington appeared unper-

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turbed. "They must be jolly glad to get out of Germany. No, I feel confident that should a crisis arise, England can count on the support of Sweden and Norway."

MR. WHITTINGTON made life very different for us. Almost at once he discovered other people who spoke English—a young couple from Skåne who had spent a vacation in Kent, a German refugee whose brother was on the Harvard faculty, a Swedish engineer who had worked in Chicago. When we went into the drawing room for after-dinner coffee, we no longer felt submerged in a sea of guttural consonants. There was an island of familiar speech where we were welcome. Mr. Whittington was the centre of this group. He was an amusing talker.

"You will haf me in stitches," declared the engineer, very proud of his Americanism but actually looking quite restrained.

The couple from Skåne admitted to having been as mistaken as John and I in the matter of clothes. "Imagine," said the wife, glancing about at the tired and steaming guests, "I have with me five evening dresses!"

Mr. Whittington was full of ideas about excursions we might undertake. We inspected the power plant at Abisko under the guidance of the engineer; we made a leisurely ascent of Mount Nuoljа; we walked to Silver Falls and came back on the train. One day we all went down the lake in the hotel launch to visit the Lapp encampment at Pålnoviken. Mr. Whittington was more successful than any of us in making friends with the shy Lapp children.

"For an Englishman, he is the most friendly I have known," said the German refugee.

"He is what you call a good meexer," said the engineer.

The morning after our trip to Pålnoviken, John and I sat on big red hassocks before the fire, reading one of Mr. Whittington's *Posts*. The reports of the Danzig conference were not encouraging. I heard a feminine English voice inquire, "What are you doing today, Rutheven?"

A tall, elderly man and a woman with elaborately dressed gray hair were approaching our corner. The man held out thin hands toward the blaze. "I think I shall be off for a bit of a stroll," he answered. "You'll be all right?"

"Quite," she said.

He turned away and locked his hands behind him. Then, very erect, he marched out of the room. The woman sat down and took out her knitting. I wondered who they were.

After John had gone out to buy cigarettes, I offered the *Post* to the woman. She took it and thanked me, but showed no inclination to converse. However, I persisted.

"What did you find out about them?" John asked me half an hour later. "I saw you working hard at it."

"They live in Devon and have been coming to Abisko every other year for fourteen years. They used to go in for mountain-climbing in a big way, but now they just stroll about," I said. "Their name is Chatsworth and she called him Major."

When I told Mr. Whittington about them, he looked noncommittal. "I think it would be nice if you asked them to go with us to Narvik tomorrow," I suggested.

"I should hesitate to invite them," he said. "I haven't met them as yet."

"But couldn't you introduce yourself?"

Mr. Whittington smiled. "Hardly."

"Why not?"

"After all, you say they have been here seven times, and this is my first visit. They would think me presumptuous."

"Oh, no," I protested. "I think they're lonely."

"They may wish to be alone." His expression was stubborn. "I shouldn't want them to feel I was intruding."

"Did you think we were intruding when we spoke to you?"

"No, indeed," said Mr. Whittington warmly.

"Then what's the difference?"

"But you are Americans."

"Yes, and you both are English."

"Precisely." His tone indicated that the matter had now been made clear.

I gave it up, and Mrs. Chatsworth and the Major pursued their unintruded ways. She knitted or wrote letters and he walked haltingly about the grounds, or they read the *Posts*, which I relayed to them.

THEN one day the world news was very bad indeed. Mr. Whittington's countenance was no longer cheerful as he paced up and down the lobby. John and I stood before the bulletin board and read with scant comprehension the notices about lost gloves, the next day's *vandring*, and the weather forecast. Mr. Whittington paused beside us and cleared his throat.

"From what part of Devon do they come?" he inquired.

"Who?" I asked, but John, who is

"May ye aye hae a friend whose faith ye ne'er can spend"

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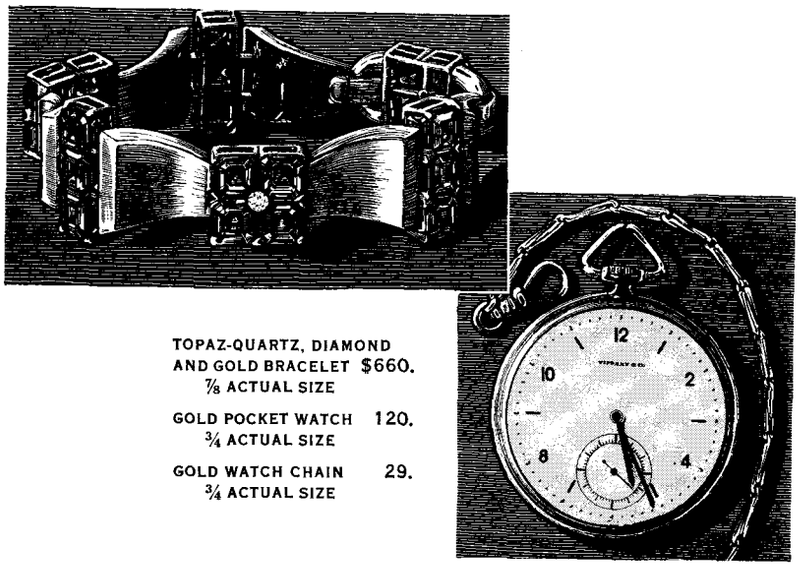

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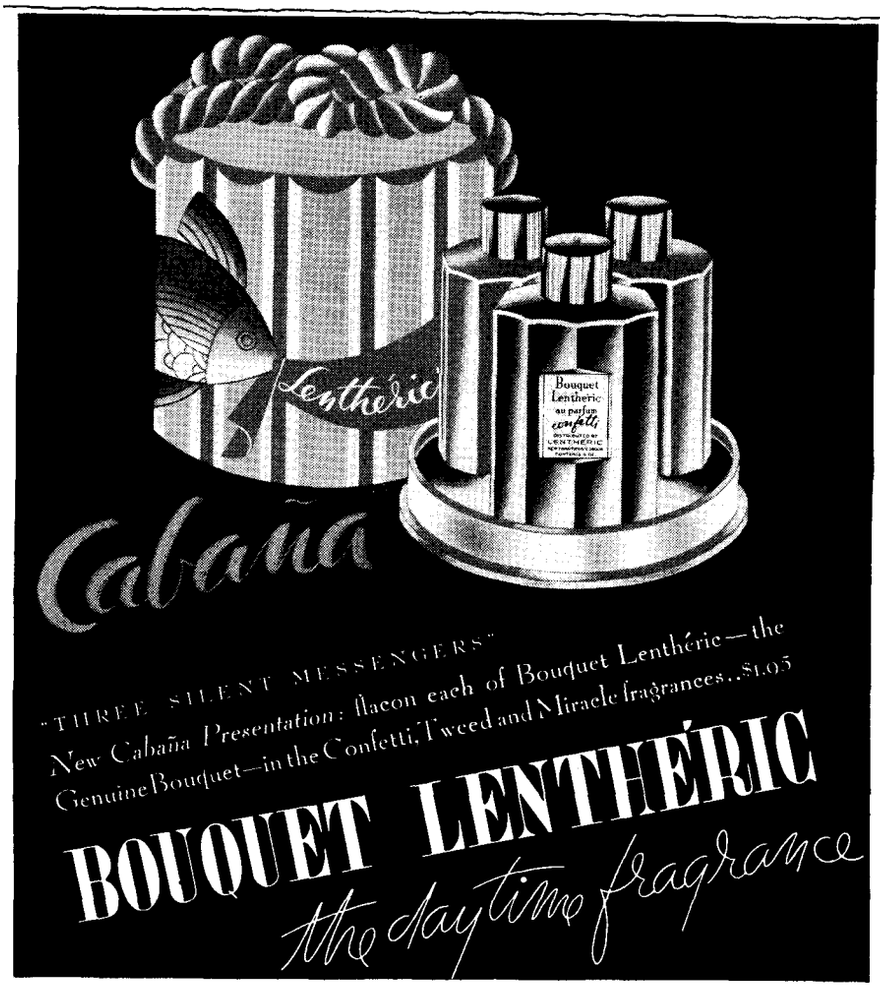
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kinder, said, "They come from Barnstaple."

"From Barnstaple," Mr. Whittington repeated. "How extraordinary they should come from Barnstaple! I have, as a matter of fact, visited Lord Dunkerry there at Beacon House. They are doubtless acquainted. I think, in view of the gravity of the present situation, that I shall venture to make myself known to them."

That night, John and I decided to leave Abisko. We looked for Mr. Whittington to say goodbye and to thank him for his kindness to us, but when we had found him we hesitated to approach. He was sitting on the veranda in the silvery sheen of the northern twilight with the Major and Mrs. Chatsworth. She was gently waving away the *myggor* with a folded page of the *Post*. Their neat black boots made a close little circle on the wooden floor. They looked very calm, very British, and very impregnable. They were discussing delphiniums. —KATHERINE LYON

•

A BILL
for
AN ACT RELATING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF POETRY WEEK IN THE STATE OF COLORADO

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Colorado:

SECTION 1. After the effective date of this act the Governor of the State of Colorado shall designate by proclamation one week in the month of May each year as "Poetry Week" within the State of Colorado.

SECTION 2. In order to celebrate Poetry Week, the Governor shall declare such ceremonies as he may deem necessary and proper.

SECTION 3. The General Assembly hereby finds, determines and declares that this act is necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, and safety.

SECTION 4. In the opinion of the General Assembly an emergency exists; therefor, this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.—*House Bill 435, introduced into the General Assembly of Colorado by Representative Kramer.*

Hope you people don't have to declare martial law!

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(SUBTLETY DIVISION)

[*From "Board and Rooms Girls," by Vida Hurst*]

Lee Brent was not a man to play games. His approach was too direct and honest. He did not make love to her, but he paid her the more subtle compliment of telling her about the advertising campaign which was proving successful beyond his expectations.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

I HAVE often mourned the lack of specialization in many of our large stores and bewailed the fact that there is so seldom a good choice in any particular field because of each merchant's frantic desire to carry at least one example of everything featured by his rivals. On the other hand, small ready-to-wear shops which show good taste and still have a wide selection of clothes for varying ages, varying pocketbooks, and varying social needs are so rare that the few exponents of the art deserve your cheers. One of the practitioners is Kathleen, at 118 East 60th Street.

Prices in this shop range from around $22.75 (for semi-sports dresses in polka-dot shantung, among others) up to the vicinity of a hundred dollars. Among evening dresses for slender young things, you'll find affairs that are all alternating bands of yellow calico and white net (the pattern looks for all the world like nice fresh scrambled eggs), splashy red-and-white piqués, and romantic bouffant wisps, one of them a pale-blue organza with a sheer black-lace peplum. There are also gracious pleated yellow crêpe evening gowns with Grecian necklines, and slender ones with tiers and tiers of starched gray chiffon cascading down the back.

Navy town dresses include a honey of thin navy wool with a bolero outlined by navy belting, which is also used to give the dress a modified turtleneck and to make bands around the slightly circular skirt. One of the loveliest day-length dinner dresses I've ever seen is also here—a long-waisted one of shirred black sheer and bands of black lace, with short sleeves and pink roses at the V of its décolletage. It is ideal for any informal evening occasion, cries out for a big hat, and costs but $40. There are lots and lots of dress-and-jacket costumes specifically designed for older women. These are sheer wool, many with matching silk tops attached to the skirts in place of blouses; one country suit is a Ming-yellow bloused jacket and a dress with a yellow shantung top. The prints are lovely, too; look at a black-and-white dress with green piping and an unlined princesse coat to match, and at a cocoa-and-white one whose print appears again on the revers of the cocoa wool bolero jacket that goes with it.

You'll also see examples of Kathleen's pet trick for luring attention away from a broad hipline—dresses and coats with sleeves so full that they look like a cape, and a princesse cut through the body providing a touch of slenderness at the waist. Very effective. Plenty of her dresses come in sizes as small as ten and as large as forty-two, and Kathleen's judgment as to which model should come in which size range is mighty good. She also undertakes custom work at prices starting at $85. And *don't* forget her hats.

PECK & PECK are greeting the outdoor summer season with yachting-days treasures like soft-blue denim slacks accompanied either by short-sleeved box jackets ($4.95) or longer, fitted jackets that have long sleeves and white piqué blazer piping and are for the more formal occasions when professionals pull the halyards ($8.95). Here, too, you will find tennis dresses in abundance—white sharkskin ones for you experts, with box-pleated skirts flat and straight at the sides so as not to interfere with your ground strokes ($10.95, including separate shorts), and less expensive ones with flaring circular skirts for girls whose tennis is more picturesque than skilled.

Of greater interest to me is the fact that Peck & Peck have a huge supply of good one-piece dresses, in various cool fabrics, that button or zip right down the front and are almost in a class by themselves, as far as I am concerned, for achieving summer comfort in either town or country. A dress of beige herringbone rayon, for instance, that has a convertible neck, short sleeves, natural bone buttons down the front, and is polished off with a calf belt would make you as serenely correct at the Colony as you'd be at Piping Rock. There are also English Tootal linens (hard as anything to crush) in dark or pastel shades and other dresses of a natural cotton string woven to look like mesh. Possibly I am too fanatic about the joys of dresses that you casually step into after the shower and button or zip up. Naturally, I can't go on forever writing about such simple uniforms, but I'd love to hear about any substitute that is better, or even as good.

For strictly country wear, Peck & Peck have the D. & J. Anderson checked or plaid ginghams from Scotland made up into simple one- or two-piece dresses of the shirtwaist type, as well as quantities of plain or striped chambrays, some with round collars and

"I used to buy diaries with locks on them."

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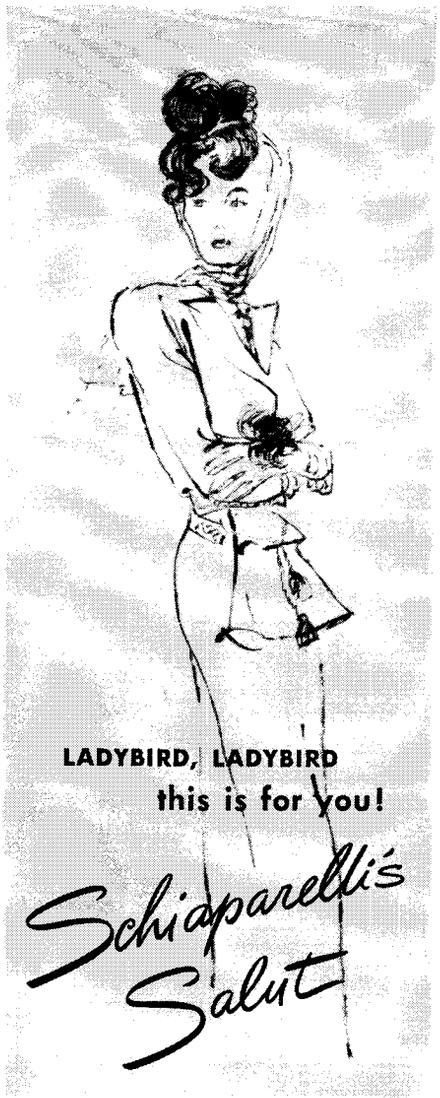

Sweet scent. Perfect with this Spring's sloping shoulders, sit-up-straight sailors. Wear it in Eau de Cologne. Carry it in Bath Sponges—blue discs that blossom into wash cloths in water, wonderful for whisking away grime. Eau de Cologne, 4 oz., **$2.50.** Sponges, box of ten, **$1.25.**

pearl buttons, some with notched collars and a zipper.

THE mother-dress-like-daughter craze was one I viewed with a dubious eye, feeling that children might easily become mentally warped from seeing their mothers done up like Dalmatian peasants. Mary Lewis (647 Fifth, at 52nd) is bringing sanity to bear, however. She has sets of clothes in which either generation can feel at ease, even if mother and daughter should separate for a moment. Blazer jackets of Botany flannel (as always, the horizon blue and the hunter green look best) with white pipings are accompanied by matching skirts and, if you want, slacks too. Then there are suits consisting of double-breasted red flannel jackets and black-and-white shepherd-check skirts. Gray flannel is used with a refreshing lack of nonsense to make a jacket like a man's—three buttons, patch pockets, and all; with a matching skirt, the adult size is $19.95, and you can buy shorts and well-cut slacks for it as well.

The mother-and-daughter theme is used again, and brilliantly, in crisp, washable dresses for the country. Some of chambray have square necks, longish waistlines, and full skirts. Others of Bedford cord, heavily striped in a vivid color on a white ground, have tops that are either shirred on elastic or work starkly up to a convertible collar; women love them for the country because they call for nothing more underneath than a pair of panties. The children's versions of these are enchanting too, and cost from $2.95 to around $9. The collection of things called the Larchmont Blues are also wonderful for the casual outdoors life and inexpensive—circular skirts and shorts or slacks, all of them in denim and all of them laced in back and having white buttons down each side of the front, and done in a swell, faded, workmanlike blue. If you're not just a spectator yachtsman, you should get the same type of thing in de-luxe white gabardine, which doesn't cost much more. Mary Lewis is showing authentic middy blouses of other days. White with navy-blue collars, they come complete with white braid and stars, and the modesty piece across the V. Today's bewildering ten- and twelve-year-olds adore them. I thought they'd jeer.

I. MILLER, at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), has come to the momentous conclusion that play shoes, which supposedly get strenuous wear, should have as careful a fit as any other type.

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Baroness Carmella, $50
14K. rose gold—17 jewels—silk cord.

Duke George . . $85
14K. rose gold—17 jewels—maroon leather strap.

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The result is a number of extremely lightweight affairs, with wedge heels and platform soles, in such models as perforated white buckskin oxfords and pumps liberal with tan calf, some to the extent of having calf pussycat whiskers which stick out friskily at the vamp. These are $10.95. Indian moccasins of Texas tan calf come up high in back and have matching lacing which runs all the way around the outside and ties in a loop at the instep. Miller currently has a passion for lightweight perforated suède; try the flat-heeled wrap-around sandals with open toes and lattice sides, in colors like black, brown, blue, white, and red, and so comfortable that confessed tenderfoots have been known to wear them right out of the store, spry as puppies. This model, incidentally, is so attractive that the shop has made it in an afternoon version with a towering heel.

THOSE telephone calls started just at the time of the first crocus, as usual, and, as usual, we herewith notify readers who have, as usual, lost the address that That Panama Hat Man can be found at 210 Fifth Avenue (26th), that his name is R. H. Oetting, Jr., that he can still repair your old Panama or sell you a beautiful new one, and that he still passes the supreme test in blocking; viz., making a man's Panama as becoming as his most casual fedora. Women and children are also gallantly looked after. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Outdoor Living Rooms

INDOLENCE in the sun has been recognized for some years now as a leading summer pastime and makers of outdoor furniture have been catering to its demands with mounting abandon, so this season's terrace and garden furnishings are the farthest cry yet from the deck chairs and hammocks which started the whole movement. Garden chaises of both the wheelbarrow and stationary types have become the next best thing to real beds and you may have them in single and double sizes and even in twin-bed models with boxed springs and mattresses. Lounge chairs are being built to hold the sitter as nearly horizontal as possible without causing crises when the long, cool drinks are passed around. All the familiar little indoor conveniences and luxuries, like portable radios, small nested tables to distribute at parties, bridge tables, folding screens, and lap trays, have been done up in rattan and wicker and bamboo to match

Scap-Hip

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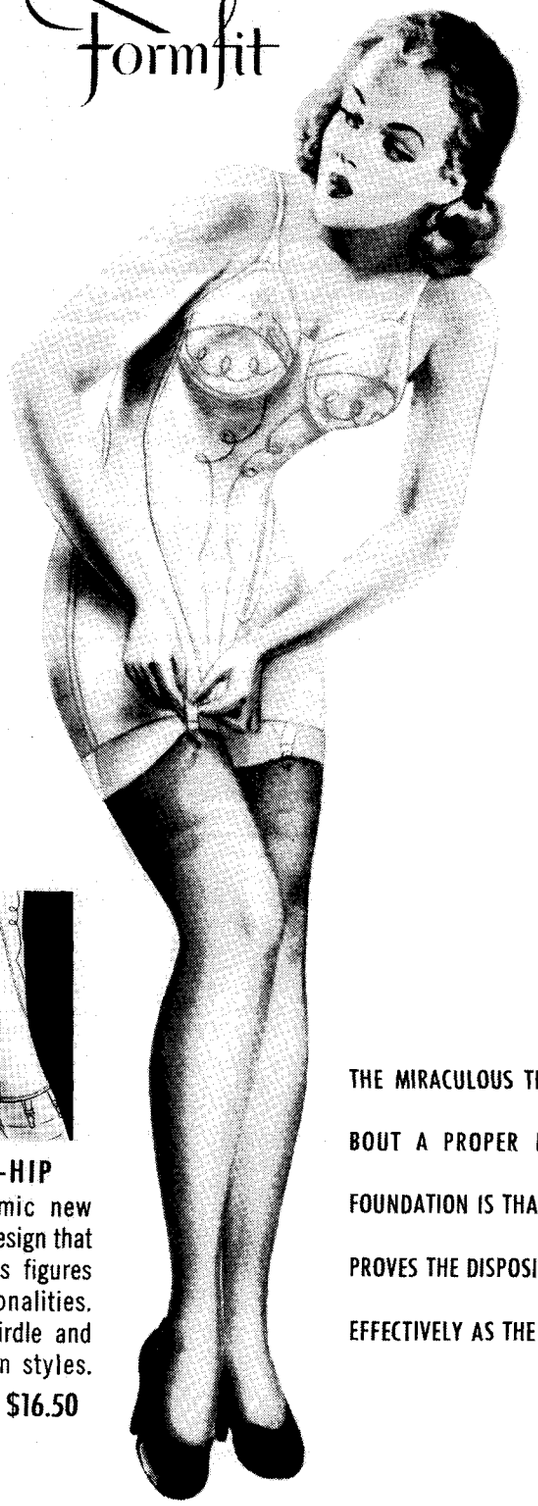

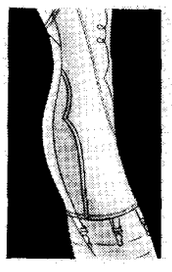

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the more important outdoor furnishings.

The barbecue sensation of the season is a big, round, highly decorative tiled table on short wrought-iron legs, with a charcoal broiler sunk in its centre; people can sit around it on the grass and help themselves to steaks hot off the griddle merely by reaching. This turned up first at Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), appeared next as the star attraction in the new Barbecue Shop at Altman (a spot that has every kind of outdoor cooking equipment ever invented, plus an expert to tell you how to use it), and will probably be all around town before the season is over. Wherever you find it, it will cost about $40, and except for the occasional puffs of smoke it is bound to send into the faces of those sitting on the lee side, it may well turn out to be the grill of your dreams. The whole cooking apparatus, an inverted cone-shaped arrangement for the fire with an ash-catcher underneath and a roasting spit hung above the grid, can be lifted out, leaving an open well which you can fill with cut flowers or potted plants when the table is not in use as a cooker. There's no reason this shouldn't be as good in city backyard gardens as out in the suburbs and the woods.

Aside from the sturdily practical barbecue table, outdoor furnishings at Carole Stupell incline toward the fancy. The tête-à-tête seat (two armchairs side by side and turned slightly toward each other and attached to a wedge-shaped table in between) is in favor here. It appears in two versions—one an elaborate, very tall-backed rattan affair with cushions for the seat and back ($175), the other a simpler piece with painted white metal framework, rope latticework chair seats, and a table top of opaque, bubbly glass which has an icy look that is cool and attractive ($70). For those who like stunt decorations, there's a seven-foot black wrought-iron tree, espalier style, bearing huge pink iron blossoms and hung with bird cages in which you can grow ivy if canaries do not enter into your scheme for the summer. This is $150, and big enough to take care of plenty of bare wall space on a terrace. Bamboo appears to advantage in big, low-slung coffee tables, no more than a foot off the ground. Beautiful, cerulean-blue sailcloth is stretched upon a mottled, white iron, box-shaped framework and laced to it with rope; the whole thing is mounted on wheels to make a push-about bar. Three-panel screens of the same materials are much fancied by people with roof gardens, although I don't know how the screens

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are kept upright in more than a light breeze. Big jardinières wound about with rattan, to dress up potted evergreen shrubs and large flowering plants, start at $5, and for $12.50 there's a lawn or terrace ashtray for which I'd trade almost anything else in the place—a green metal turtle, larger than life, that pops its shell up when you step on the head, exposing a bowl you wouldn't have to empty more than once a day, even with a crowd around. The thing might also double as a dog's drinking station, too, if your puppy is precocious enough to be taught how to work the trick.

THE whole sixth floor of Abercrombie & Fitch has been turned over to outdoor furniture and has taken on a dreamy, South Seas atmosphere that seems strangely at odds with the rest of this bustling stronghold of *le sport*. The bamboo-and-rattan Polynesian influence, evident in most of the terrace fittings brought out this year, is rampant here, affecting everything from wall fixtures (notably some enormous, tasselled straw coolie hats hung upside down in bamboo hoops to hold lights or trailing vines) to complete sets of bulky rattan furniture elaborately upholstered with linens and cretonnes in profusely flowered tropical patterns. For a sort of secondary theme, Abercrombie has adopted the Victorian, cushioning curly iron chairs and love seats with fringed, flowered cretonne pads and even reviving the glider swing, which is considerably less of an eyesore than of old when it's made of green wrought iron upholstered in white cretonne sentimentally patterned with pink roses and blue bellflowers. This imposing piece is $100, and there are chairs and small tables to match it.

Among outdoor dining tables, tops made of a marbleized composition, polished wood, and that icy, opaque glass I spoke of give a new look to rattan and wrought-iron pieces, the sort you expect to see topped with plate glass. A table in dead-black iron, delicately and simply fashioned, looks especially fine with a blond wood extension top, varnished and polished till it gleams. This piece, with four iron chairs, is $145. A nice little white-painted wood set for outdoor meals—two benches and a table that has wheels at one end to simplify moving it about—is $35 and deserves a good home in a truly rural setting.

Abercrombie has provided grand trimmings, too. For terrace gardens in town, bamboo plant boxes backed up against tall trellises for morning-glories or ivy to clamber upon go well with big,

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formal, upholstered sets of furniture in rattan and are useful to show where your part of the roof ends and your neighbor's begins. There's a plug-in table-model radio all in bamboo, some attractive hurricane candle sconces bracketed to turtle-shaped green metal wall plaques, and a real sundial ashtray which would be a nuisance to clean if set in cement and no earthly use to tell time by if left at large, but which you'll probably buy anyway.

MACY has turned great expanses of floor space over to summer out of doors, and has come through with a display which is worth investigating if only to see one superb party piece in rattan—a seat for six, made in a half-circle and with deep cushions, costing $159. A round rattan table to match is $18.74. This pair and a few side chairs to help out would furnish a whole summer-house. . . . Admirers of the sort of hammock that is slung in a portable metal stand should like a new version just invented by Artek-Pascoe, a furniture shop at 640 Madison Avenue (60th). This hammock, a good, big one in solid colors or awning stripes, is hung on a frame of bentwood, to my mind a little more sightly than the metal variety. Three sizes, $14 to $24. . . . Still more interesting is a thing this shop calls the lounge chair, which is by all odds the strangest-looking seat in my experience, but a wonderful thing to sit in. Its frame is a cat's-cradle arrangement of metal rods, in which is slung a great, baggy square of khaki-colored canvas or natural saddle leather, making a seat you'll want to loll in for hours on end. This is $24 in the canvas and $49 in the leather. Given the right setting, which might be beside a swimming pool or at your week-end camp, it could be a very fine thing to have around. —B. B.

•

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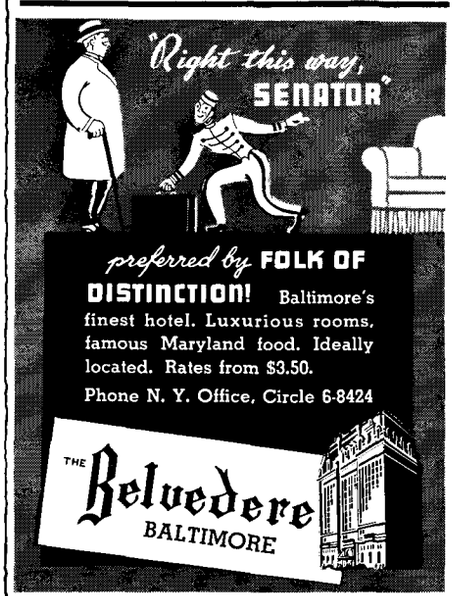

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THE RACE TRACK

Just Touting

TRY as I may, I can't feel just right about this weekend's Kentucky Derby. In view of all that's happened to most of the important colts who are in it, the thing might as well be decided by lot, or the owners and a few immediate friends could get together quietly around a slot machine and the first one who had three lemons would win the race. Of course, there wouldn't be any Old Home Week hoopla in Louisville, but I could miss that without a shudder.

My rather tremulous choice is Porter's Cap. I'm banking on the luck of Charlie Howard, whose horses have won practically everything else, and on the weather. There hasn't been a rainy Derby since 1935, so one's about due, and Porter's Cap runs particularly well on a muddy track. But if you can think up better reasons for backing Our Boots, or anything else, go right ahead.

AT least you can say for the Wood Stakes at Jamaica last week that it was exciting. King Cole led into the stretch, but tired and was caught by Curious Coin, who ran better than in the Experimental Handicap, although not well enough to stand off the rush of Market Wise, the winner by a nose. Market Wise is by Brokers Tip, who won the Kentucky Derby eight years ago. That was the race in which, all through the last furlong, Meade, riding Brokers Tip, and Fisher, on Head Play, clawed each other's saddlecloths and jackets, and slashed at one another with whips. There's a picture of it, enlarged almost to life-size, on the wall of a bar in Louisville—on Walnut Street, near Fourth, in case you're curious. Meade has a newsreel film of the incident which he sometimes runs off when he has a touch of nostalgia. He rode Market Wise on Saturday.

Market Wise was bought by Mrs. Dodge Sloane for $2,300 at the 1939 yearling sales. She was proud of the name she thought up for him but not of the way he ran, so she sold him last autumn for $1,000 to Louis Tufano, a Jamaica contractor. In Florida last winter, Market Wise did rather well for a $1,000 horse, and his trainer, George Washington Carroll, who twenty years ago rode in the Derby and finished last on something called Muskallonge, predicted that the colt would surprise everybody someday. He did. He also will surprise a lot of people if he's in the money at Churchill Downs on Saturday.

There is almost nothing more to say about King Cole except that he is just a sprinter. I don't remember when there have been more long faces after a race. You'd think that King Cole was the only even-money favorite ever beaten at Jamaica.

EVEN the most unsentimental Kentuckians, before Whirlaway went all to pieces right in front of their eyes in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week, thought he was a good thing for the Derby. From all accounts, Whirlaway had jockey trouble again; however, some observers thought that even without it, Our Boots would have beaten him. Now Our Boots is the hottest kind of favorite for the Derby. My checker-upper reports that favorites have won the race thirty-two times out of sixty-six.

FOR those who aren't going to Louisville this weekend, there may be interesting racing at Jamaica. For one thing, Fenelon, who recently did such a fast gallop at Aqueduct (five furlongs in 58⅘ seconds), may run in the Jamaica Handicap, though it's more likely he'll be reserved for the Dixie at Pimlico on May 7th. Down at Baltimore, Level Best may have a coming-out party in the Pimlico Oaks.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Pete Bostwick says that Cottesmore has leg trouble and won't run until autumn, but he intends to ride his other steeplechasers. . . . Jamaica's tote handled more than ten million in the first fortnight. . . . The other day, the battery in the ear trumpet which Jack Campbell wears when he wants to hear complaints about his handicapping went dead. "Don't bother to send to town for another," said Francis Dunne, his assistant. "Just go up in the jockeys' room and get one." —AUDAX MINOR

•

The first pages of Melville's "Moby Dick" are not easy to forget. The very first words—"My name is Ishmael!"—echo in the mind a long time after.—*Carson McCullers in Harper's Bazaar.*

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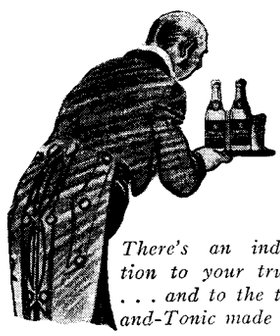

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RESTAURANTS

East to Near East

THE whim for Chinese food, I find, is not always violently contagious, and occasionally, when it comes over me, at least one of the people I'm with starts grumbling about rice and water chestnuts and makes the others begin to wonder if a good, thick steak isn't what they're really after. At such moments, provided your memory for names of places is good and you speak up briskly, you may be able to bring about a compromise on some other kind of Oriental fare. A good restaurant to know of in emergencies of this sort is the Miyako, a Japanese place which you probably found your way to more than once when it was far over on the West Side, practically in the Hudson. It's moved now to an old house at 20 West Fifty-sixth Street, and if you like any of it, you ought to like it all—the bamboo-patterned paper on the walls, the tranquil tone of things, the bar, the quiet service. You'll like the food, too, I suspect, if you start with the fish broth, which tastes like nothing at first but grows on you until it tastes like something very special, and go on to the mammoth shrimps lightly fried in deep fat, and, of course, the *sukiyaki*, which is a handsome, raw still life when it comes to the table and turns into a celestial stew over a gas ring right on your table. Even those who can't bear the taste of rice wine will love the whispering whistle the bottle makes as you pour the wine—like a train in a doll's dream. The shallow wine cups can be made to whistle, too, if that's the way you relax.

OR maybe you'll find East Indian food the answer. In that case you could try the East India Curry Shop, which has also moved—to the second floor of 122 East Fifty-seventh Street. I like the way they have of turning the rice out in a ring-shaped mold and filling the hole with curried eggs, lamb, chicken, and what all. If your palate catches fire easily, say so, and they'll tell you what to avoid (they warn all comers off the very, *very* hot things on the condiment table). Those who do get scorched can repair the damage with a cool green salad or a fine dessert, like baked banana reclining in a soothing sauce. The Curry Shop is best for lunch; the food is just as good at night, naturally, but the place closes pretty early.

Should you be heading for an East Indian dinner at eight or after, you might make it the Rajah, at 235 West Forty-eighth Street. Pomegranate juice as a starter may strike you as ineffectual, in which case just order your dinner and step next door to Leone's for something more fortifying while the chef makes ready; you'll be greeted with smiles and served promptly when you get back. You ought to enjoy the *loochies*, the Rajah's version of unleavened bread, which are airy things blown up in deep fat like small balloons and dipped in a sauce made of lentils. The not too frenzied curries are fine, especially when served with Delhi *pilao*, a mixture of saffron rice, raisins, almonds, and strange spices, and the Hindu music (songs, sweet-sounding drums, and whining instruments) is something. Unless your Oriental bent is more marked than mine, you'll likely have a better time by skipping the rose-petal coffee.

NOW, assuming that you find your congenial group in the mood for a good, old-fashioned jaunt to Chinatown, it may help to mention a couple of places you perhaps have lost track of down there. The Tingyatsak, for instance, a bustling, underground spot which is much more rememberable as 21 Mott Street. They're guileless enough here to leave out the usual stage effects, even providing you with knives and forks unless you demand chopsticks. It's a Chinese Childs, with paper napkins and matter-of-fact waiters who disconcertingly assume that you know exactly what you want or you wouldn't have come. There are set dinners, all scheduled for two (unless my waiter confused me even more than I thought), and most of the à-la-carte things are double size, too, so take it easy. Anyone ought to like the watercress soup—a well-flavored broth with greens enough for a whole family of rabbits. The fried egg rolls, with all sorts of tastes and all sorts of textures in their fillings, are as good as you think they are from last time. To me, a dish called *chow gai kow*—billed as Chinese vegetables, mushrooms, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, and chicken—tasted fine, even if there seemed to be rather a lot of non-chicken mingled with the real thing.

With warm weather here or near, maybe I ought to mention the balcony at

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the Port Arthur, down Mott Street and up that flight of worn marble steps at No. 7. It's still very Chinese and very pretty, especially if you have sightseers on your hands. The management, catering to our funny ways, provides a list of straight American dishes for your recalcitrant friend and explains in English what the Chinese part of the menu is trying to say. Very reassuring. You needn't blink at a name like *jow bock gop* and wish you were dead; just peer around the parenthesis that follows it and see that it is nothing but fried squab, Chinese style. For dessert, I had just tea, a tower of brittle rice cakes, and a dish of golden limes—simple, but I defy anyone to improve on it.

THINKING, along with everyone else, about the Greeks, I suddenly got to wondering what they eat when they eat what they like, and that sent me over to the Apollo, upstairs at 259 West Forty-second Street. *There's* a glamourless place at first sight, but the food fixes everything. You might start off with those bitter black olives I see too seldom around town. Then try deciding between lamb and dandelion greens (the Greeks cook everything together), lamb and okra, or lamb and leeks and celery. It's not all lamb; there's beef, fish, and chicken as well. Plain boiled greens, too, like dandelion and mustard; for lunch, you could get by with the *mousaka* of eggplant or the stalwart spinach pie. *Pilaf yaourti*, one of those things you eat with salt or sugar or neither, is a heap of rice and a heap of *yaourti*, which is a thick stuff not unlike the sour cream the Russians can't live without. The cheese called *feta* has zest, there's Turkish coffee (say whether you like it made with or without sugar), and the Greek wines, available by the bottle or glass, are pleasant. Heaven knows, I could be pleasant myself with a name like *mavrodaphne*. —SOUBISE

•

Saturday, April 5, is Bette Davis's 33rd birthday and to honor the event Warner Bros. are taking a trainload of newspapermen and movie people to Littleton, N. H., where she was born, to celebrate her 32nd birthday.—*The Mirror.*

Those Warners! Always the chivalrous thing!

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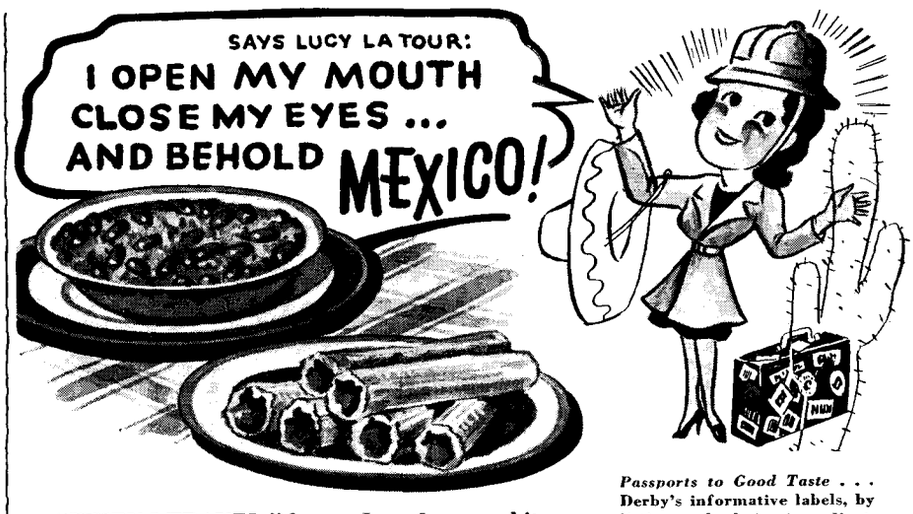
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Undoubtedly execution for murder effectually prevents repetition of the crime by the culprit who pays the penalty.



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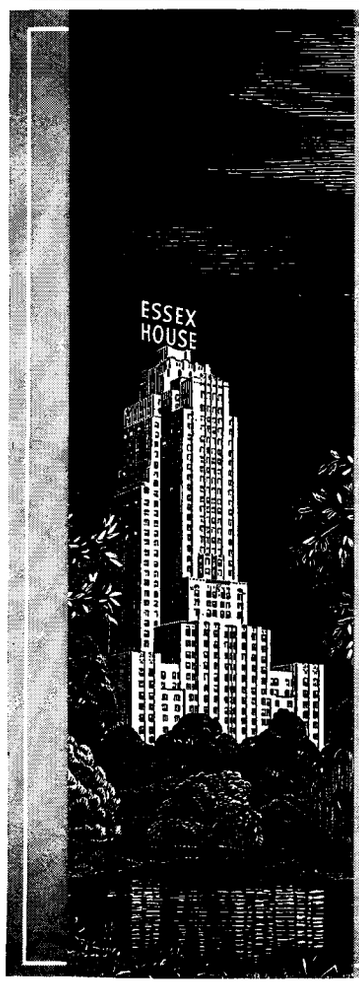

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THE OARSMEN

Two Close Ones and Two Coaches

THE Housatonic at Derby threatened to overflow its banks with Blue tradition last week, when Yale rowed one of those boola-boola races that New Haven freshmen would write home about if they wrote home. The victim was Syracuse, a crew which was expected to lose in a decent, orderly fashion but instead obliged Yale to come from behind in the last forty strokes and win by a spectacular 1⅕ seconds. Phil Stevens, the Yale cox, had his first chance to wave the little red flag that is the signal for Yale oarsmen to go ahead and break their backs, and it worked. His shell nosed its way to a third of a length in front, slipped back to a quarter, and crossed the finish line. That was the only time in the whole two miles that Yale was in the lead. There was never open water between the boats, but Syracuse had been able to answer every other challenge it was offered and looked right up until the end as if it was going to spit in the old Bulldog's eye.

The junior-varsity Bulldog was not called upon to make any such extravagant effort. With two of last year's varsity men in the boat, it was something like a cinch to beat Syracuse's second-string crew by four lengths. In this race, Syracuse may have been weakened by the early stages of pneumonia, brought on by rowing shirtless into the teeth of a Housatonic headwind. Dr. W. Lyon Phelps, who rode in one of the launches, was well bundled up, and so were all the other spectators, except the undergraduates, who showed their usual disregard for weather. Perhaps someday somebody with nothing better to do will find out why the mere act of graduating from college deprives a man of his ability to keep warm simply by sticking his hands in his trouser pockets.

COLUMBIA and Navy rowed just as close a race as the one at New Haven—in fact, closer. Nobody on the banks of the Harlem was sure who the winner was until it was announced that Columbia had had an edge of two-tenths of a second, about two feet's worth. Over the distance of a mile and three-quarters, the lead changed hands twice and was held by such narrow margins that the sportswriters must have been asking each other how many dead heats they could remember seeing in their day. For most of the last quarter-mile, the boats were bow and bow. It was the sort of race that Hubert Glendon, Columbia's coach, thrives on, particularly since it ended with a victory over such a water-minded outfit as the Navy. Glendon comes from Cape Cod and likes to think of rowing as a water sport and not a social pastime. Columbia is located in a city that usually forgets it is a seaport, but Glendon tries to counteract any landlubber tendencies his boys may have by the simple expedient of making them row and row and row. He sometimes gets them out on the Hudson as early as Washington's Birthday and sends them up to Yonkers and back, a good fifteen miles, under their own power. They sprint down the home stretch, too. This sort of treatment probably is something of a shock to a graduate of Lincoln or Horace Mann who takes up rowing at Columbia just to get outdoors a bit.

Another coach who is a trifle out of his element is Rusty Callow, of Pennsylvania. He once rowed on and later coached the crew at the University of Washington, where every oarsman looks like a lineal descendent of Paul Bunyan. At Pennsylvania, for some reason, crew candidates average five or ten pounds less than their opponents. Between 1923 and 1927, when Callow was working at Washington, his boats placed first three times and second twice at Poughkeepsie. It has been four years since a Pennsylvania crew has won even the Childs or Blackwell Cup for him. Last Saturday, Penn lost to Rutgers, which is a rough jolt to an old Washington man, and possibly a step toward Poughkeepsie for Rutgers.

LATEST bulletin from 135th Street and the Hudson River: The crew scraped together by the naval trainees on board the Prairie State will row against the third-stringees of Yale.

—RIGGER

•

Next week's lecturer will be Leland Stowe. He was on the scene in Norway, and things happened. He was in Finland, and things happened. He was in the Balkans, and the explosion took place. Leland Stowe will be in Los Angeles next week.—*The Post.*

Don't be so damned subtle.

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NEVER TO RETURN

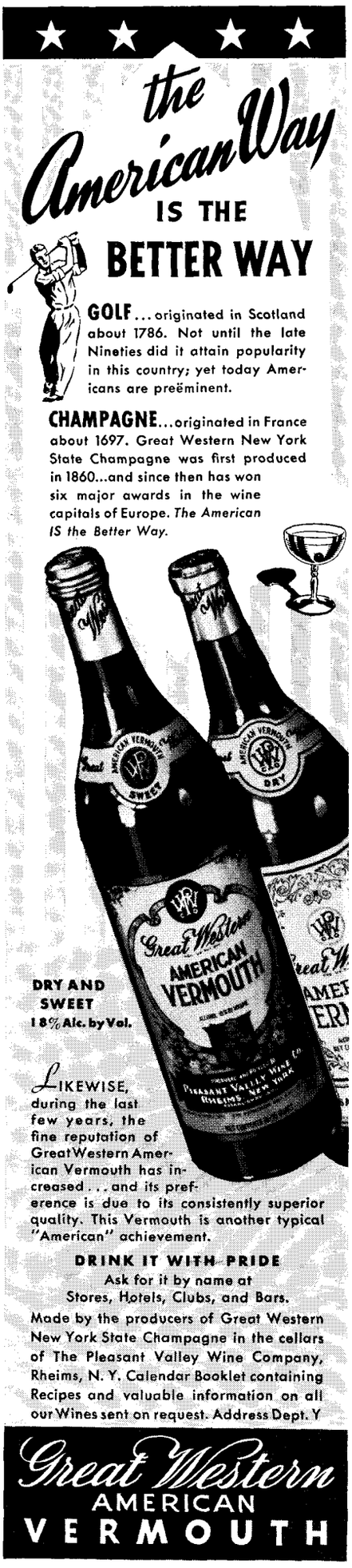
THE house in Connecticut was white and the shutters were painted turquoise blue. A branch of the syringa bush had been allowed to grow across the front door. Mrs. Evelyn Platt liked reaching up to push it aside, when the branch sagged with heavy-scented white blossoms, so that drops of dew fell on her arms and hair. She remembered what a poor, sickly thing the bush had been ten years ago, and she couldn't bear cutting off an inch of it, even if eventually she would have to give up entering the house by the front door. Both Mrs. Platt and Edith Treadway, who lived with her, hated to hurt growing or living things. Shortly after Mrs. Platt bought the house they gave up eating meat, except for a bit of chicken now and then, which they bought, boned and jellied, in a can. Without the bones staring them in the face, it was easier to convince themselves that what they swallowed was something turned out in a factory, like rayon.

The inside of the house teemed with life. Plants grew in pots on the window sills and in hanging baskets on the living-room walls; a bowl of goldfish on the table between the windows was protected from the two Persian cats, Nur Mahal and Shalimar, by some wire netting; Blue Boy, a fat and brooding spaniel, dedicated his life to keeping underfoot.

Both Mrs. Platt and Miss Treadway knew that they would never die. They would simply pass on to another life, which would be, if possible, more beautiful and joyous than the one in which they were now living. They had lived before, they said, and there was no reason to doubt that they would live again. Mrs. Platt, when urged, could remember some high spots of her past; there was the time in Egypt, for instance, when she was a princess who had taken refuge in the tomb of her forefathers during some sort of uprising. She could give a graphic description of the tomb and tell how frightened she had been when the mob beat on the doors. Fortunately, at that point an earthquake had come along and she had been hurried to safety through a secret passageway by a handsome slave of royal blood. When she met Mr. Platt she thought he was the reincarnation of the slave, but the years had proved that she was mistaken, and when he died she sighed and told Miss Treadway that she was afraid Mr. Platt in *his* next life would have to start at the beginning. "In some lower form," she said. "Not as a human but as a higher animal, perhaps, to atone for the mistakes he made in this life."

The summer after Mr. Platt died, Edith Treadway came from New York to stay a few months with his widow in the new house that she had bought with the insurance money. When winter came, Miss Treadway stayed on. She and Mrs. Platt continued to live in harmony for ten years. Occasionally, men had come to the house as suitors. The ones who came to see Mrs. Platt always had a look of the handsome slave about them at first. They never kept this look more than a month, and Mrs. Platt remained a widow. At first she had felt a little lost without a man around the house, but her plants, her dog, her two cats, and the goldfish soon filled the small gap Mr. Platt had left. Besides, Miss Treadway was such a comfort. She designed jewelry, and Mrs. Platt had remodelled the old chicken coop into a small workshop where Miss Treadway beat on strips of silver until they turned into bracelets or rings. Her jewelry had a decided Indian look to it, both Eastern and American. Mrs. Platt, after a little probing, learned that Miss Treadway remembered both living in a harem and carrying a bow and arrow.

Sometimes they had a few people in for dinner, but mostly they sat at the maple trestle table in the dining alcove and ate their simple meals alone. They looked with loving eyes on the begonia that graced the centre of the table. "I gave it a teaspoonful of Vigoro," Mrs. Platt would say. And Miss Treadway would agree that Vigoro worked wonders. They nibbled at their raw carrots, cut thin and curled in ice water, drank their tomato juice, ate their vegetable plates. After dinner, in winter they sat by the fire in the living room and in summer wandered about the garden. When it grew dark, they read aloud to one another until bedtime; they read books on flower arrangement, numerology, astrology, breathing, eating, and on the right way to think. They spoke of people they liked as "rare souls," and honestly expected to be palling around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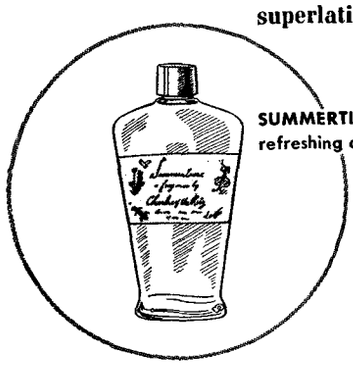

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with them a thousand years from now. They never used the word "death" or "die." Their friends "passed on," "passed over," were "lost," or "left us," but they never died.

ONE spring, Mrs. Platt and Miss Treadway decided to take a trip to New York for a month, visit the museums, see some plays, and shop. Mrs. Kinney, who came to clean every day, agreed to stay in the house and look after the animals and plants. The first night they were in New York, Miss Treadway complained of a headache. She felt her head and decided she had a slight fever. In the three days that followed, the fever mounted and raged. They were three days of horror for Mrs. Platt, and a week later she returned to the house in Connecticut alone.

As she entered the front door, she reached up mechanically and lifted the syringa branch aside. It was in full leaf. Sunlight came through the windows of the living room, and the leaves of the plants shone like emeralds. Nur Mahal and Shalimar, the two cats, purred and rubbed their warm bodies against her skirt. Blue Boy, the spaniel, got up from his pillow in the sun and greeted her sleepily. Mrs. Platt could hear Mrs. Kinney moving about the kitchen.

Mrs. Platt closed the door softly and stood looking about the room. "Mrs. Kinney!" she called.

Mrs. Kinney appeared in the doorway that led to the pantry. Her face was white and stricken and she struggled for speech. "Mrs. Platt," she said. "I didn't hear you come in. I got your wire with the news, the news that dear Miss Treadway had passed on."

Mrs. Platt looked straight into Mrs. Kinney's eyes. "Yes," she said. "She's dead. Edith is dead." She drew her skirt away from the cats and walked slowly over to the sofa. She sat down heavily on the soft cushions, her shoulders drooping.

Mrs. Kinney searched for words to comfort her. "She's in a happier world," she said. "You must remember that."

Once more Mrs. Platt looked at her strangely. "She died very suddenly," she said.

—ESTHER EVARTS

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Headline in the York (Pa.) Gazette & Daily*]

FOG CAUSES TWO
ACCIDENTS IN FOG

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Childe Orson

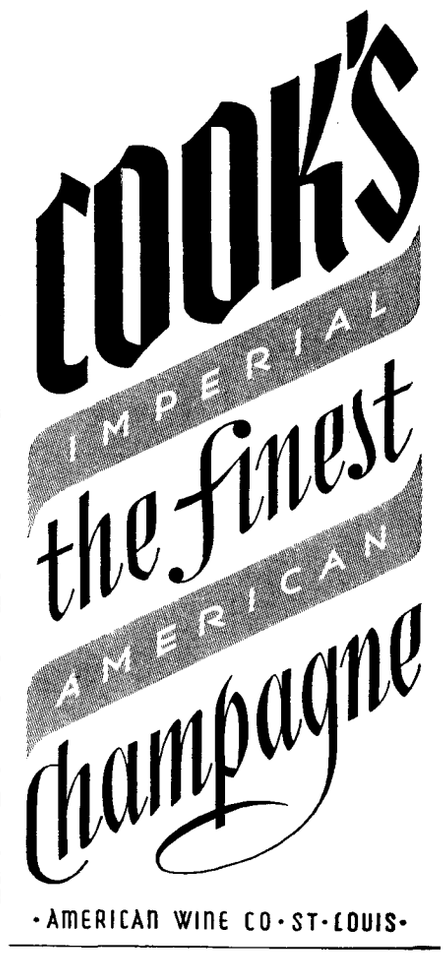
THE noise and the nonsense that have attended the release of "Citizen Kane" may for the time being befog the merit of this extraordinary film. Too many people may have too ready an inclination to seek out some fancied key in it, after the silly flurry in our press, and to read into the biography of its leading character extraneous resemblances to persons in actual life. There is a special kind of pleasure to be found in such research, and the success of the most commonplace movie often lies in the simple fact that it suggests one's neighbors, or the scandalous people who took the house on the corner one year, or the handsome bootlegger who used to call every week. "Citizen Kane" can hardly suggest the ways and habits of neighbors, at least to most householders, but it may remind some of revelations in Sunday supplements. To others, I suppose, it will all seem more like Mars—just Mr. Orson Welles and his Mars again.

Since movies hitherto have commenced with a cast list and a vast directory of credits, we are promptly jolted out of our seats when "Citizen Kane" ignores this convention and slides at once into its story. For introduction, there is only a stylized and atmospheric hint of background, of shut high gates and formidable fencing, and this formal difference seems revolutionary enough to establish Mr. Welles' independence of the conventions. This independence, like fresh air, sweeps on and on throughout the movie, and in spite of bringing to mind, by elaborately fashioned decoration, a picture as old in movie history as "Caligari," the irregularity of the opening sets a seal of original craftsmanship on what follows. Something new has come to the movie world at last.

Mr. Welles is not merely being smart, clever, or different. By the elliptical method he employs, he can trace a man's life from childhood to death, presenting essential details in such brief flashes that we follow a complex narrative simply and clearly and find an involved and specialized character fully depicted, an important man revealed to us. With a few breakfast scenes, the progress of a marriage is shown as specifically as though we had read the wife's diary. By a look and a gesture, electricians high above a stage describe the sad squawks an opera singer is giving below them. The use of an imaginary "March of Time" provides an outline which allows us to escape long exposition. Scenes in the great man's Xanadu never drag, never oppress one with useless trimmings, yet we get an immediate comprehension of the unique, absurd establishment, with its echoes and its art collection, and the one gag allowed ("Don't talk so loud. We're not at home") becomes just a reasonable statement.

Sometimes I thought there was too much shadow, that the film seemed to be performed in the dark. Mr. Welles likes a gloom. He blots out the faces of speakers and voices come from a limbo when it is what is being said and not how people look that is important. Only once or twice, at times like these, does the film seem mannered. For the most part we are too absorbed in the story and its characters to observe any tricks, too swiftly carried on by its intense, athletic scenes.

Dorothy Comingore, George Coulouris, and Joseph Cotten are on the list of the fine players, but clearly it is Orson Welles himself, as Mr. Kane, the great millionaire publisher, the owner of Xanadu, the frustrated politician, the bejowled autocrat, the colossus of an earlier American era, who is the centre and focus of all the interest of the film. By a novelist's device, we learn of this man through the comments of the few who have been close to him, the second wife's being the most sensational—that second wife whom he drives into the grotesque mortification of an operatic career for which she has no talent. The total impression, though, is not of something entirely monstrous. Mr. Kane does not come out of all this a melodrama villain. I think it is a triumph of the film, and proof of its solid value and of the sense of its director and all concerned, that a human touch is not lost. Sympathy for the preposterous Mr. Kane survives. Indeed, there is something about him which seems admirable. I can imagine that various rich gentlemen who own newspapers may find the characterization only right and proper, and claim that their sensitivity, like Mr. Kane's, has been misunderstood by their intimates, and others may recognize



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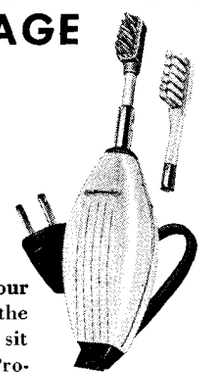

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many a Mr. Kane among their competitors.

WITH every picture now, Marlene Dietrich grows more and more a comic. I mean it in the most delightful and flattering sense, for the lady is very droll indeed, and charming also, in "The Flame of New Orleans." René Clair has the direction of her here—the business of revealing her as a wicked siren of a century back, out to mulct the rich boys of the bayous. Both the director and the star clearly have a fine time of it. Her polite rendition of a drawing-room ditty about a maiden's blush is one of the bright movie tidbits of this spring. The story is one of those brittle, tricky items, candidly ridiculous, but its control proves that M. Clair has managed to salvage his own talent and leave the mark of his skill upon his first Hollywood film. Men, though naturally busy in the film, are rather kept in the background. We find Roland Young anxiously scurrying about as an eligible bachelor, and Bruce Cabot is here, too, as an eligible sailor. The sailor manages, I noted, to revivify that spark we used to recognize in the Marlene of the heartbreak days. Now the spark serves merely as part of the holiday fireworks.

EVEN Gale Sondergaard (formidable female that she is), Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Brod Crawford, and Bela Lugosi don't manage to make a good mystery out of "The Black Cat." The shade of Edgar Allan Poe, chancing in on the picture, would probably be the only spectator to remain startled or surprised by the plot after the first few minutes. Quickly the film shows itself to be the usual kind of thing about an old house with secret passages, sliding panels, disappearing figures, reaching hands, and the like. Greedy relatives and insane menials scheme and maneuver. There are murders and a goodly number of Hugh Herbert squeals, and cats and kittens. —JOHN MOSHER

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Private Secretary," by Edward Jones Kilduff, revised edition*]

NOTE. The form of address used when writing to officials on a *private business* matter is not always the same as that used when writing on an official matter. For example, in writing to President Coolidge on a subject of private business, the correct form of address is:

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
White House,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Café and Carnegie

POSSIBLY there were heavy implications in the blues-singing, dance arrangements of concert music, boogie-woogie piano-playing, and other offerings of the Café Society musicale in Carnegie Hall last week, but let's leave such solemn considerations to the more earnest trend-probers. What the show proved—if an entertainment has to prove anything—was the engaging proficiency of the performers.

Whether it was Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons, individually and collectively thumping out the traditional devices of boogie-woogling, John Kirby's remarkable orchestra popping the allegretto from Beethoven's seventh symphony into a neat fox trot, Art Tatum whizzing off his fancy keyboard transcriptions, Hazel Scott adding a few unexpected quirks to generally straight versions of piano-recital items, or Helena Horne chanting suavely, it was expert. The Café Society people know what to do with their material—an accomplishment you don't encounter in Carnegie Hall every night. Kenneth Spencer, a young bass with an agreeable voice, and Eddie South, a dexterous violinist, took on a few unmodified excerpts from the standard recital repertoire competently, but Mr. Spencer's most effective contribution was "Ol' Man River," and Mr. South really got going when he got hot.

All of these musicians and the rest of the Café Society features are already eminences in their various fields. You might make a special note of Calvin Jackson, who played accompaniments for Mr. Spencer. His harmonization of "Ol' Man River" was ingenious business, and it would be interesting to hear more of his adaptations of familiar airs.

OTTO KLEMPERER, who took charge of a series of WPA symphonic events early in the season, returned to Carnegie Hall last week with a group designated as An Orchestra of Seventy. So far, that's the official title of the band, like the Committee of a Hundred. Whatever its eventual name, the orchestra is a good one, and Mr. Klemperer drew clean, well-balanced performances from his forces. His presentation of Hindemith's "No-

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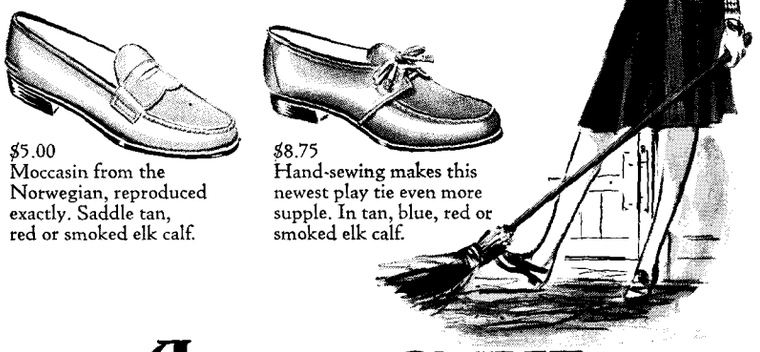

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bilissima Visione" was the most persuasive that I've heard of this work, and the rest of the program also was projected convincingly. By way of novelty, there was Mr. Klemperer's transcription of a Bach organ sonata in E-flat, which turned out to be a sensitive and practical addition to the catalogue of Bach arrangements by conductors.

If you have seen pictures of orchestras of many years ago, you may recall that some of the players performed standing. Mr. Klemperer revived this practice by having his violins and violas work without chairs—a scheme said to have acoustic and psychological advantages. I haven't any scientific data on the merits of this maneuver, but the young men and women who fiddled for Mr. Klemperer certainly stood up and delivered.

A PLEASANT session of Mozart was provided by the Philharmonic-Symphony when John Barbirolli directed the "Serenata Notturna," composed for two little orchestras, and Rudolf Serkin was the excellent soloist for the C-major piano concerto, K. 467.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Many People at Work

THE battle of the "Eroica" symphonies—Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony (Victor M-765) vs. Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony (Columbia M-449)—is a perplexing one, because the choice depends largely on individual preferences in interpretation. Mechanically, the Columbia set, a studio product, is more finished than the Victor production, which was recorded at a broadcast and is uneven tonally. You also get a few accurately transcribed audience coughs in the Victor discs. As performances, both are distinguished, and you can't really lose on either one.

Another Beethoven set, recorded at a public performance (this one was in a concert hall, not a broadcasting room), is that of the Missa Solemnis, by the Boston Symphony, the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and four soloists, directed by Serge Koussevitzky. For sound, this offering (Victor M-758 and 759) is almost up to the best studio standards, and the presentation as a whole is sturdily impressive.

TWO American orchestras not previously available on discs are now ready to show their abilities on your phonograph. The Pittsburgh Sympho-

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ny, directed by Fritz Reiner, does well by the Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" (Columbia X-193) and the Indianapolis Symphony, led by Fabien Sevitzky, rips off the overture to Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Dubinushka" with a gay bounce (Victor 17731). There also is an American symphony added to the lists—Harl McDonald's "Santa Fé Trail," a shrewdly written work that registers attractively under the guidance of Eugene Ormandy, in charge of the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor M-754).

THE operatic news is a recording of the Kundry-Parsifal scene from the second act of "Parsifal" by Mme. Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior (Victor M-755), with rather gentle assistance from the Victor Symphony, Edwin McArthur conducting efficiently. This is in many ways the best of the Flagstad-Melchior albums. A young American baritone, Gordon Dilworth, sings the few notes of Klingsor with the right dramatic emphasis.

Collectors of vocal Americana will be pleased with an assortment of William Billings' "Psalms and Fuguing Tunes," intoned by the Madrigalists in Columbia album M-434. Billings was what used to be called a character, but his music is solid and forthright. Folk songs of the American hemisphere are presented in unarty arrangements in Victor set P-55. Many racial backgrounds are represented in the music, and the singers are consistently capable. One of them is Miss Elsie Houston, and you may know what she can do with South American ditties.

THERE are a couple of unhackneyed reed-instrument things around. One is the Debussy rhapsody for clarinet, done by Benny Goodman and the Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli directing (Columbia 11517-D). It is fine playing, but some of the poetic possibilities of the rhapsody have not been captured. If you've never heard a sonata for saxophone and piano, you will find a sample in Decca album 187, which contains one by Edvard Moritz. This is good, melodious stuff, not pretentious and not designed, apparently, to exploit the spectacular side of the sax. Condensation wouldn't hurt, so you might try skipping the second movement. The sonata draws a handsome performance by Cecil Leeson and Josef Wagner.

AS Dickens once said to Thackeray, have a piano. In fact, have lots of pianos on the records. You might want to hear the Brahms F-minor sonata, which is played masterfully by Harold Bauer for Schirmer set 14. The recording is a bit shallow, though. The Chopin Barcarolle in F-sharp major appears on Columbia 71026-D, Walter Gieseking doing the honors, and one may honor his doings with the music. This isn't the conventional "dreamy" Chopin playing, but Mr. Gieseking finds enough romance in the composition. Reginald Stewart, the able pianist and conductor, supplies Liszt's fifteenth Hungarian rhapsody, which is the Rakóczy march (Victor 4544). He gets it right, too. It's whammy without being hammy.

Morton Gould has fixed up some of his short orchestral pieces for the piano and plays them himself in Decca set 195. There's humor in much of this music, and Mr. Gould puts it all into the performances. I think you'll find the "Caricatones," which take a prima donna, a ballerina, and a child prodigy for rhythmic rides, especially amusing.

—R. A. S.

• •

UPBRINGING

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And sometimes mezzanine.

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The golfer's son counts:
1, 2, 3, fore, 5, 6, 7. And balks
At counting any higher.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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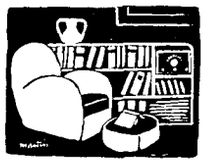
BOOKS

War and Peace



AFTER devouring Kenneth Roberts' last in a single enormous gulp, I decided to leave wiswell enough alone and for some months now have been sidestepping American historical novels. This, as you may imagine, has not in the least inhibited production. What began as an accident ("G.w.t.W.") became a fashion, expanded into an industry, and is now assuming the proportions of a public utility, like gas or electricity. Ten years ago the publishers' lists were laden with books about the Revolution (Comes the). Today they are laden with books about the Revolution (American), and there is no sign of a letup. Never has a country with so short a history produced such long historical novels or so many of them. Our only hope is that the OPM may find a military use for wood pulp and curtail its waste on the ground that the defence of our present is more important than the exploitation of our past. Pangs of conscience, however, having assailed me, I have resolved to make one more try and to report the result to my constituents. Herewith the report.

Frank O. Hough, author of "Renown" and "If Not Victory," is, I am informed, one of the solider practitioners of his art. His new book, "The Neutral Ground," covers Westchester (they're getting down to *counties* now) from 1775 to 1783. It is a product of the standard revisionist school, which interprets the Revolution as in part a civil war, devotes great attention to the rôle of the Loyalists, and ascribes the defeat of the British to a combination of home politics, stupidity, and inability to understand or coöperate with the American Tories.

This is, of course, all in "Oliver Wiswell," with which "The Neutral Ground" will inevitably be compared. Mr. Hough, however, is not as irascible as Mr. Roberts, who, disliking the Patriots' manners and dress, thinks of the Revolution as one huge social error. Mr. Hough's Loyalist hero, Sam Hilton, is a pleasant young gentleman, but the author gives the other side a break, too. For example, he conceives of George Washington and the other Patriot leaders as being something better than a collection of stumblebums. In general, Mr. Hough works hard for 526 pages being fair to both sides, and probably his picture, though less detailed and skillful, is also less prejudiced than Mr. Roberts'.

This neutrality is a reflection of his material. Westchester today, except for one or two furtive writers near the Connecticut border, is probably solid for the Old Deal, but back in 1775 it didn't really have preponderant political convictions one way or another. Its manor system kept it feudal, and this social backwardness prevented it from understanding what those hotheads up in Boston and down in Virginia were yelling about. Some of the great families went Left, some Right. Many, not feeling any allegiance, tried to remain neutral. The result was that Westchester became a sort of no man's land for the duration of the war, and it is this curious situation that forms the background of Mr. Hough's story.

That story follows a familiar pattern. There is the rakehell Robert Trowbridge (Clark Gable), who finds his soul in fighting for the Patriots, and there is the girl (Vivien Leigh), who is separated from Robert by a misunderstanding but is united with him in the end, and there is Sam Hilton (Leslie Howard), the decent young fellow who goes Loyalist but then discovers that he and Robert have really been fighting for the same thing all along. There are the now standard, well-studied battle pieces and the proper offhand introduction of "names," such as Washington and Burr. In fact, reading "The Neutral Ground," I found myself mumbling that this was where I came in.

The historical concepts underlying the book can be found in good histories. The story and characters are just old friends, fresh off the belt line. What gives "The Neutral Ground" plus value for me (and possibly other New Yorkers) is something that has nothing to do with its literary qualities. There is a special, minor pleasure derivable from visiting, under Mr. Hough's guidance, such familiar places as New Rochelle and White Plains and noting how different, back in 1775, were their inhabitants, real-estate values, and commuting times to Grand Central.

IN "London Front," reviewed in these columns a while back, there is a story I find hard to get out of my mind. During the break-through in France

"You mustn't forget your little swizzle stick, sir."

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some Germans were taken prisoner by the French. One of them, a lad of sixteen or so, lay mortally wounded, his life bleeding away. The French doctor did what he could for him, then asked in all kindness whether he could send any last word to the boy's father and mother. The young Nazi struggled to a sitting position, his face writhing with hate, gasped out "I need neither father nor mother—I have Hitler!" and fell back dead. I suppose this is the modern version of Browning's "Incident of the French Camp." But Napoleon's young soldier, though a little ass, was a human being. The young Nazi, on the contrary, has consciously divested himself of the qualities that make him a man rather than a coördinated set of aggressive reflexes.

You will find in Stuart David Engstrand's novel, "Spring 1940," an exact portrait of such an automaton as well as a dramatic picture of the way in which Norway was betrayed from within and blackjacked from without. The story is pure melodrama, which means that it is probably an accurate reflection of a chapter of current history. Ralph Johanssen, son of a German father and a Norwegian mother, has spent ten years in Germany. He returns to the small town of Lessing, ostensibly for his health, really as a Nazi spy and Fifth Columnist. He turns against his stepfather, his mother, his sweetheart; he betrays his half-brothers; he weakens into humanity for only an instant, and dies, shot by his own mother, with "*Heil Hitler!*" on his lips.

Actually such a character, however true to life—if you wish to call it life—he may be, is unbearably dull as literary material. He is dull because he has abandoned his will and is therefore so predictable that his thoughts and actions can no longer involve our emotions. He is outside adult human interest, as Superman is, or a robot.

The value of Mr. Engstrand's book is not great, except as a warning. The Norwegians were fools, most of them, their backs comfortably turned to the hand which held the noose that was to strangle them. They fought bravely but too late. Now they are slaves, biding their time, but still slaves. The lesson seems to me to stand out stark and clear. We are not without our own Ralphs, those who have tired of being merely human. You can argue with Frankenstein but not with his monster.

YOU may know of Dorothy L. Sayers as one of the best (I do not say *the* best, for I have had enough irate

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An inquiry into the basic scheme of American living

OF MEN AND WOMEN

by Pearl S. Buck

Coming to America after living since earliest childhood among the Chinese, Pearl Buck was struck almost at once by contrasts in basic relationships in these two nations. In old China she had seen the workings of a mellowed family system, of a practical democracy. Here she saw, with a keenness perhaps not possible to most of us, a very different scheme of life.

She has written on the subject for *Harper's* magazine, spoken about it before all kinds of meetings. But she began to make a book of it only after she saw that more was at stake than the happiness of individuals, important as that is. Our very democracy, she believes, is threatened by the unbalance between men and women.

This book, therefore, is not only for young men and women planning marriage or already making a home, and for those older who are baffled by the failures of home to be enough and of school to do enough; it is also for the citizen who knows that if our democracy is to stand we must be alert for every breach at which we have to fight for it. $2.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

correspondence lately) of living detective-story writers. "Begin Here" is not a thriller but a brief "statement of faith," with a certain amount of wisdom and much courage. For Miss Sayers, an Englishwoman, the future is here and now, as it always is, and she is among those who believe this the time to think about it. A downright lady who knows her own mind, she has no patience with what she calls "grandiose" schemes for postwar federal unions. She is a disciple not of H. G. Wells but of G. K. Chesterton. Her blueprints do not involve world air armadas, an international language, and other specifics. They have to do with the human soul and with its liberation from the fetish of Economic Man, a fetish in which she believes many of our modern ills are rooted. Her brief book is a plea for a non-economic society, but how this is to be reconciled with her obvious desire to retain the British Commonwealth intact is not entirely clear. There is, by the way, nothing mystical about Miss Sayers, though there is something very religious. The New Aesthetes, who have fallen in love with the wave of the future as the old ones fell in love with incense and medieval Latin, will get little comfort from her. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PORTULACA, by Bernice Kelly Harris. Mrs. Harris's earlier novel, "Purslane," was a study of cotton farmers. In her new one she deals severely with the middle class in a Southern town as seen through the eyes of a young wife who doesn't get on with her husband's family. A lot of backbiting is mixed in with the neighborliness in community picnics, church socials, and afternoons with the girls playing bridge. Sometimes Mrs. Harris's style is annoyingly obscure and sometimes she lets her plot get away from her, but there is much sound observation of character, some humor, and on the whole a revealing projection of small-town life.

FOREVER YOUNG, by Zoë Akins. Recollections of a boarding-school crisis by a middle-aged woman who was only twelve—and an almost incredibly sharp-eyed twelve—when it happened. The crisis involves the romance of a pretty French teacher and a great sculptor and is complicated by a naughty girl who refuses to take the school's traditions seriously. The period is the early nineteen-hundreds, which we have only lately come to

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"A fascinating commentary on the cultural history of Mexico from the Aztecs to Camacho, the result of some twelve years research in the original sources. Lots of fresh and often witty detail."—*The New Yorker.* With endpaper maps. $3.00

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think of as picturesque. Miss Akins doesn't bother much with her background; as a result, it, like the crisis, seems slightly unreal.

My Blood and My Treasure, by Mary Schumann. Another of those weekly dosages of American history, the particular events involved this time being the War of 1812 and especially Commodore Perry's celebrated battle on Lake Erie. Johnny Appleseed, Tecumseh, and others also appear along with the hero, who is a staunch champion of the Commodore, and his girl, who favors the British.

GENERAL

United We Stand!, by Hanson W. Baldwin. Complete analysis of the strategy America might employ to deal with the various possible developments in the world crisis, by the military and naval critic of the *Times*. The author's main points: We must not go to war now, all out or by degrees, because—among other reasons—a large majority of Americans are against it; we should work out a long-term plan for "aggressive" hemisphere defence, our best policy; we must continue to aid Britain, but with more regard to our own needs. Gives detailed and recent progress reports on the defence setup, our outlying bases, and the Army, the Navy, and the air forces. Appendices.

The Antarctic Ocean, by Russell Owen. Another *Times* man, who went along with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition in 1929-30, tells how the south polar seas were opened up by such explorers as Captain Nat Palmer of the Hero, Wilkes, Ross, Scott, Shackleton, and Byrd. Necessarily less graphic than the discoverers' own accounts (parts of which are quoted), but a good, readable collection, some of it first hand. Excellent maps and photographs. In the Oceans of the World series.

A London Diary, by Quentin Reynolds. The author of "The Wounded Don't Cry" set down day-by-day notes in London between October 1st and December 1st last year: how Fleet Street covers the war, R.A.F. pilots and their songs, anecdotes about Churchill and Beaverbrook, and so on. Written in much the same style as the author's earlier book, but even more chatty and informal.

History as the Story of Liberty, by Benedetto Croce, translated from the Italian by Sylvia Sprigge. Not what the title might lead you to be-

A novel that will take its place in the heart of America beside HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY and ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO...

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By ALLIS McKAY

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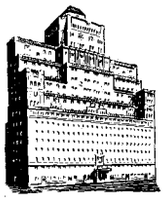

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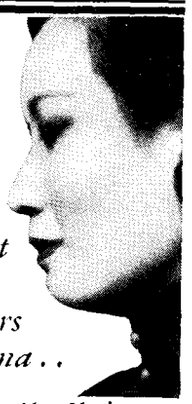

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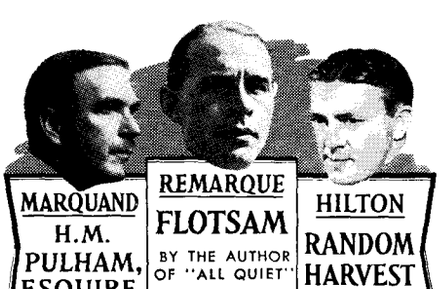

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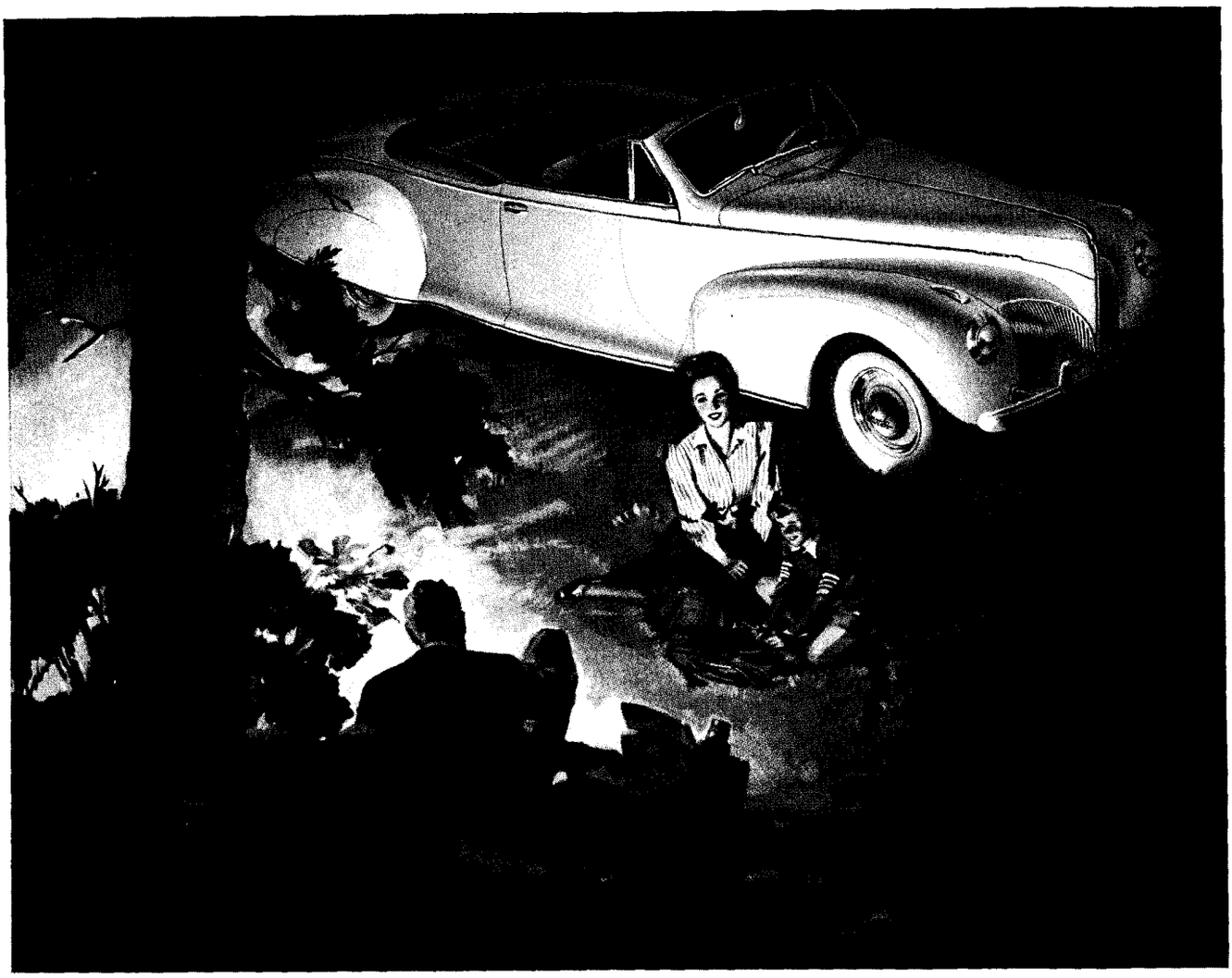

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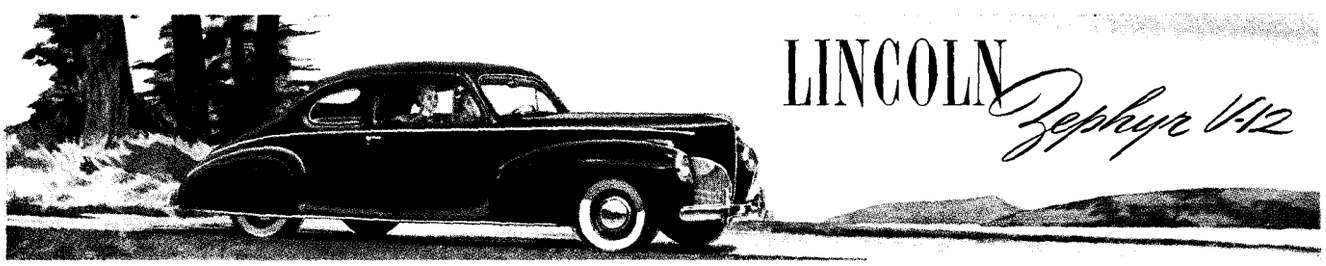

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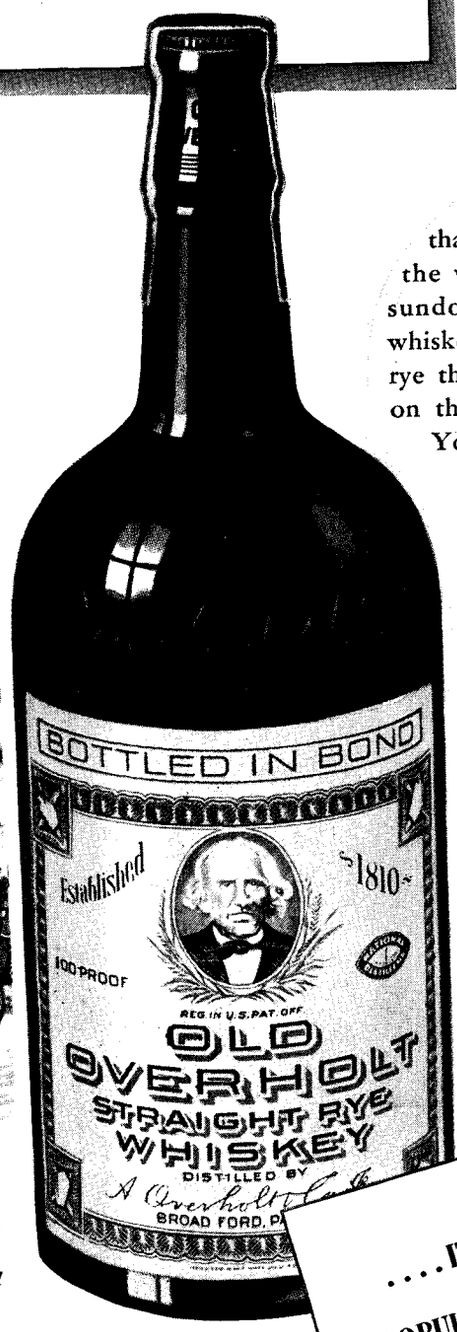

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